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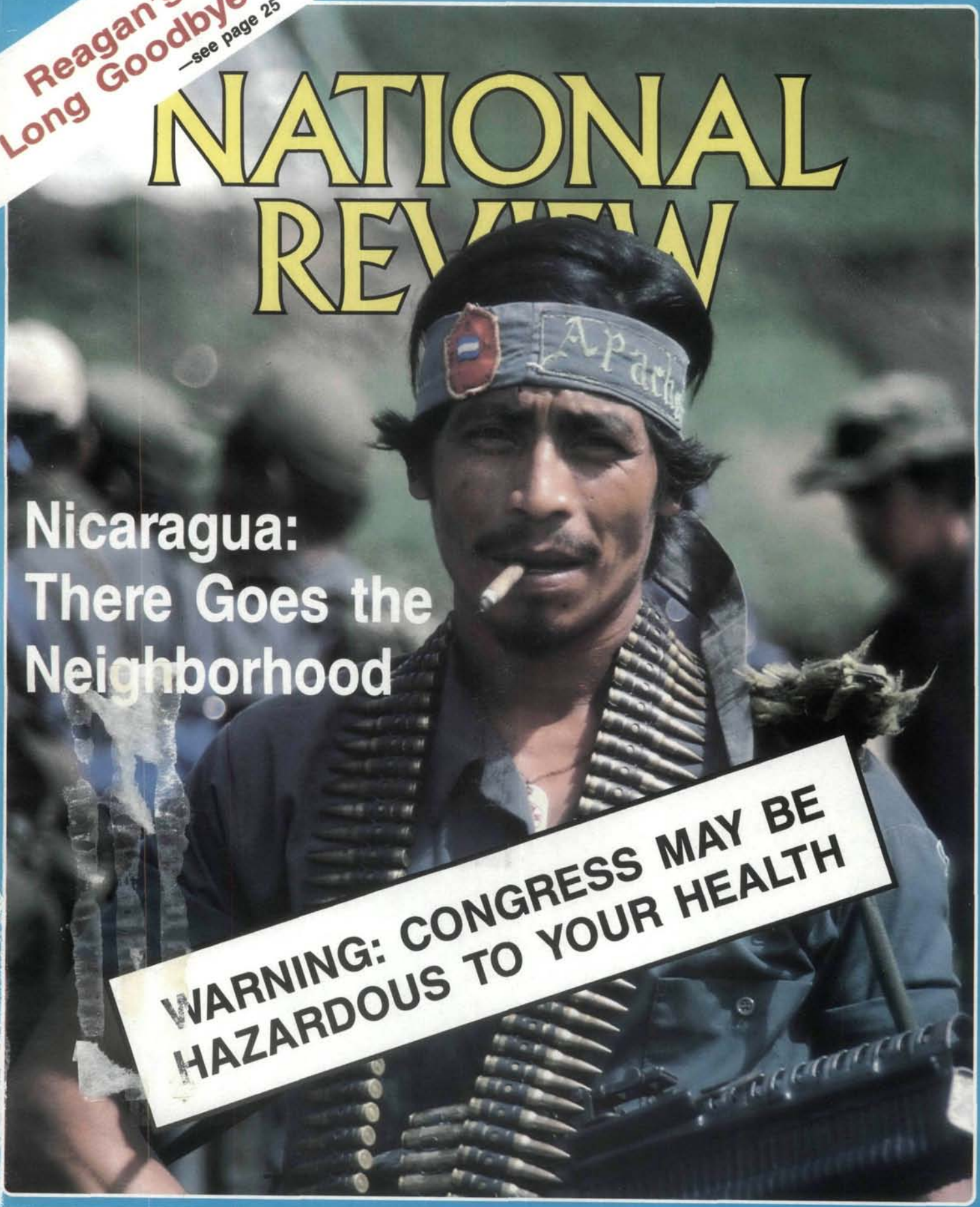
Reagan's Long Goodbye
—see page 25

NATIONAL REVIEW



Nicaragua: There Goes the Neighborhood

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Greedy Like Me by David Brooks

• *HARRY V. JAFFA ON JUDGE BORK'S MISTAKE* •

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Cover design by Charles Bork
Cover photo by Jack Wheeler

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1988. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct all display advertising questions to The Leadership Network at 212-684-5500.

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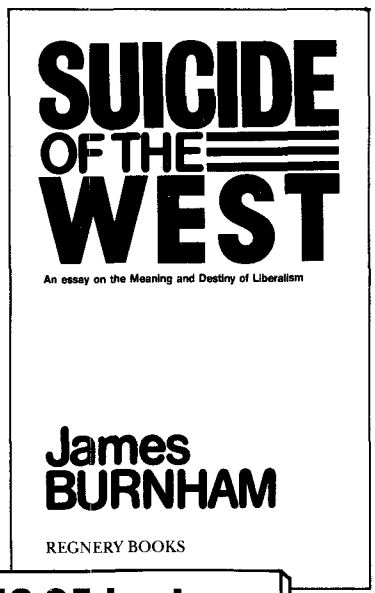

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LETTERS

Protesting Reality

Tom Bethell's "Arms Control: The Untold Story" [Feb. 19] clearly illustrates the ignorance of those who make up the "peace" movement—not only the Greenham Common crew, but worldwide. Their successes weaken the security of the United States and aid our foe, namely, the Soviet Union. Their causes sound just, but not if they are only heeded by one side. Sure—abolishing nuclear arms or trusting the Soviets to disarm is a great solution, if taken out of the context of reality.

The notion that "American paranoia about Russia being the enemy is ritually and greatly exaggerated" frightens those who are aware of the reality. Not only have the Russians openly stated their goal of world domination, they have openly displayed adversarial qualities in, among many things, their total disregard for arms agreements. They go along smiling, preaching peace, and gaining followers in the "ARMS ARE FOR HUGGING" crowd as they bash out their borders further and further. Wouldn't it be great if we could just give peace a chance?

Adam Wylie
Indianapolis, Ind.

Ilocano Chameleon

Had an American college student been given the assignment of writing about the current predicament of the Philippines, he would probably have written with more passion and pathos than was expressed by Ferdinand Marcos toward his homeland ["What I'd Do in the Philippines," Jan. 22]. Naturally, the Ilocano chameleon easily assimilates into new environs. But his dry recital of the American position on the importance of our military bases in the Philippines to the cause of freedom throughout the Far East is little more than a morbid, passing curiosity.

Kerry J. Joyce
Burlington, Mass.

Marc o' Approval

Thank you for having the courage to publish the article by former President Ferdinand Marcos of the Philippines. It was most enlightening to read about the status of the American presence in that country from someone so familiar with what is happening. I'm tired of all the accusations and jokes about the man who was in charge for more than two decades, and who evidently understands the country.

Maybe our State Department and politicians will wake up and stop providing aid and sustenance to the governments that don't like us, don't want us, and certainly don't wish us well. It seems to me, if Mr. Marcos is right (and I think he is), that we will lose another strategic base. The policy of kicking our friends and helping our enemies will lead to disaster of major proportions.

Murray Fink
Tarzana, Calif.

Irks My-Ires

Hugh Kenner ["Books, Arts & Manners," Dec. 31] is correct in stating that I quote very little poetry in *Manic Power*. When I applied for permission to quote published works by the five poets discussed in the book, the publishers who control the American rights to Lowell, Berryman, and Jarrell and the publishers who control the U.S. and UK rights to Sylvia Plath both insisted that I would have to submit the typescript of my book for their inspection and approval before they would grant permission and extract their high fees. I decided, therefore, to paraphrase all the poetry in copyright. If all authors refuse to submit to the Soviet-style censorship that some publishers are trying to impose, and thereby deprive them of lucrative reprint fees, they will eventually be forced to abandon their attempts to suppress free speech.

In his bitter and biased review, Kenner mistakenly attempts to correct me on two points concerning German. He claims that Jarrell "knows a good deal of German." But Jarrell, in a letter of December 3, 1952, to Hannah Arendt, clearly states that he cannot read German and laments: "Alas, my German isn't a *bit* better: if I translate, how can I find time to learn German? If I don't translate, I forget about German" (*Letters*, pp. 367-8).

Kenner also tries to correct my statement that in "The Lost Son" Roethke meant to say: "*Achtung! achtung!*" instead of "*Ordnung! ordnung!*" My source for this fact is Roethke's widow, Beatrice, who edited his poetry.

Kenner once ignorantly asserted that cancer "invaded vital areas of Wyndham

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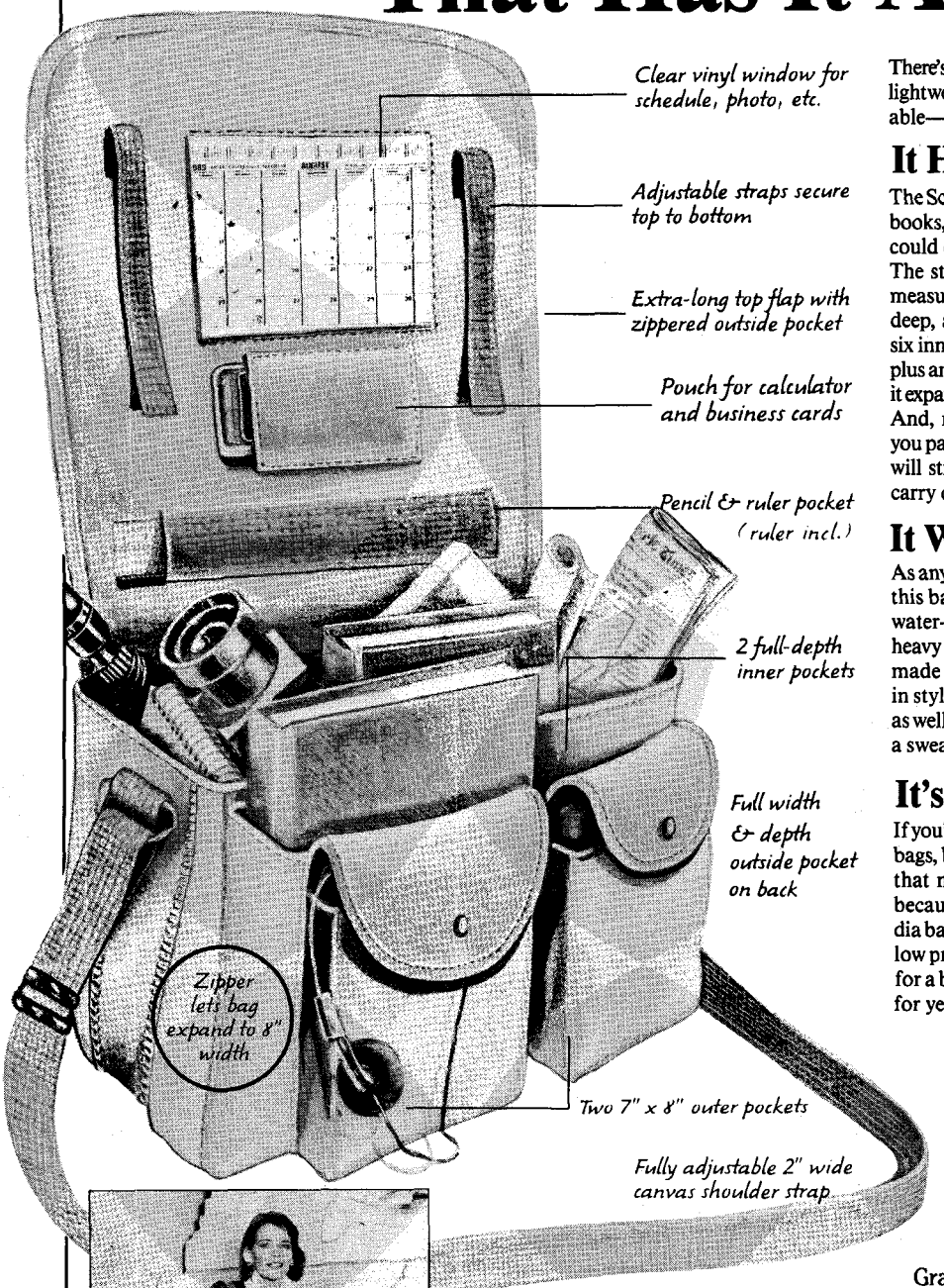
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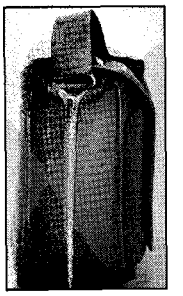

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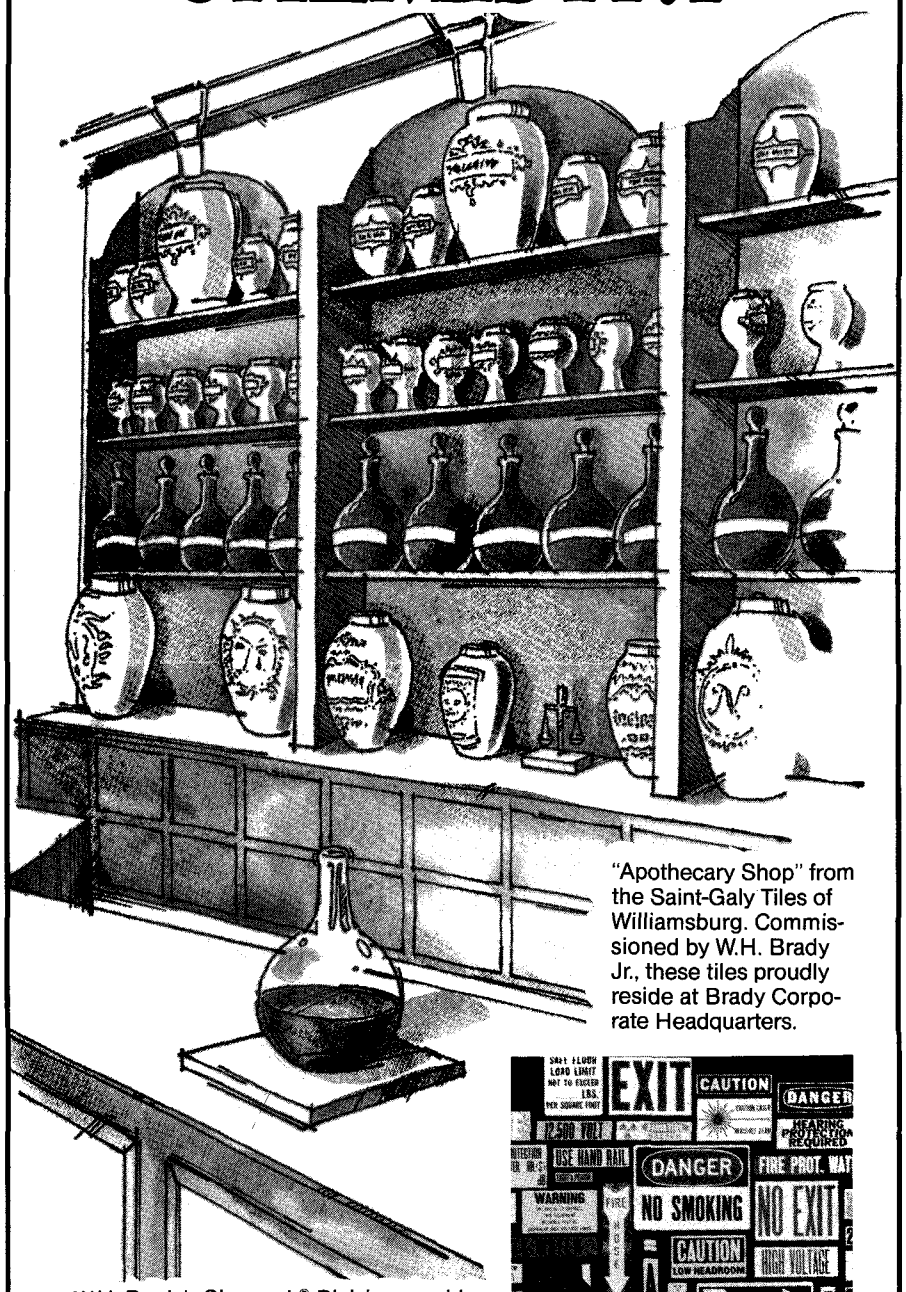

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Lewis's brain." In fact, as I showed in *The Enemy*, my biography of Lewis, he had a tumor of the pituitary gland (*not* the brain), which blinded him but allowed him to live with this disease for seven years. It is therefore highly ironic that Kenner, who misled many readers, criticizes me (in a gratuitous reference) for spending too much time discussing Lewis's medical history and explaining the disease of his urinary tract that caused his death.

Jeffrey Meyers
Boulder, Colo.

Earth to Davidson

Every sentence of his review (or rather, summary) of Michael Levin's *Feminism and Freedom* celebrates Nicholas Davidson's thorough-going ignorance of contemporary American feminism ["Books, Arts & Manners," Feb. 5]. Speaking repeatedly of the movement's "unisexist ideology," Davidson claims that feminism has as its foundation the idea "that the sexes are in everything inherently alike." The truth, though, is that, as it is disseminated today in our universities and in the at-all-higher-than-popular media, feminism emphasizes what makes women different from men, not what makes them the same. Serious modern feminists agree that female alienation is so profound a fact of human life that the relation between the sexes is doomed to be one of endless warfare. Frontliners Luce Irigaray and Andrea Dworkin go so far as to call sexual intercourse an act of rape.

Davidson's grip on other varieties of feminism seems equally tenuous. According to him, for example, university "women's studies" departments typically "proselytize lesbianism." Though most women's-studies departments do urge that female homosexuality be accepted as a legitimate alternative to female heterosexuality, that's not quite the same thing as "proselytizing" the stuff. If, let's say, I defend fundamentalist Christianity as a legitimate alternative to modern secularism and urge that Christians be allowed to practice their religion in any way they see fit, does that mean I'm guilty of "proselytizing" for fundamentalist Christianity?

Most interesting, though, is the problem of why NATIONAL REVIEW—a magazine with an unusual number of women highly placed on its masthead—chooses to publish writers like Davidson, self-styled "anti-feminists" who have done so much to embarrass the cause of modern, cosmopolitan conservatism.

Jasper Higa
Brooklyn, N.Y.

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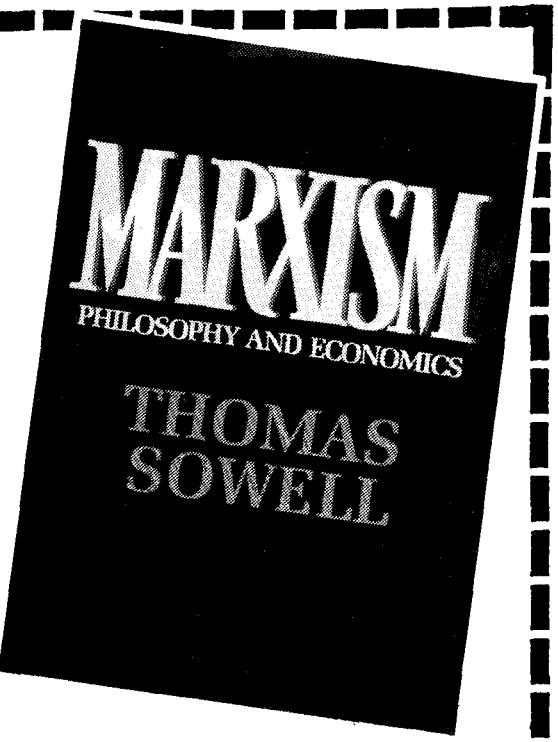
Shattering the Myths of Marxism



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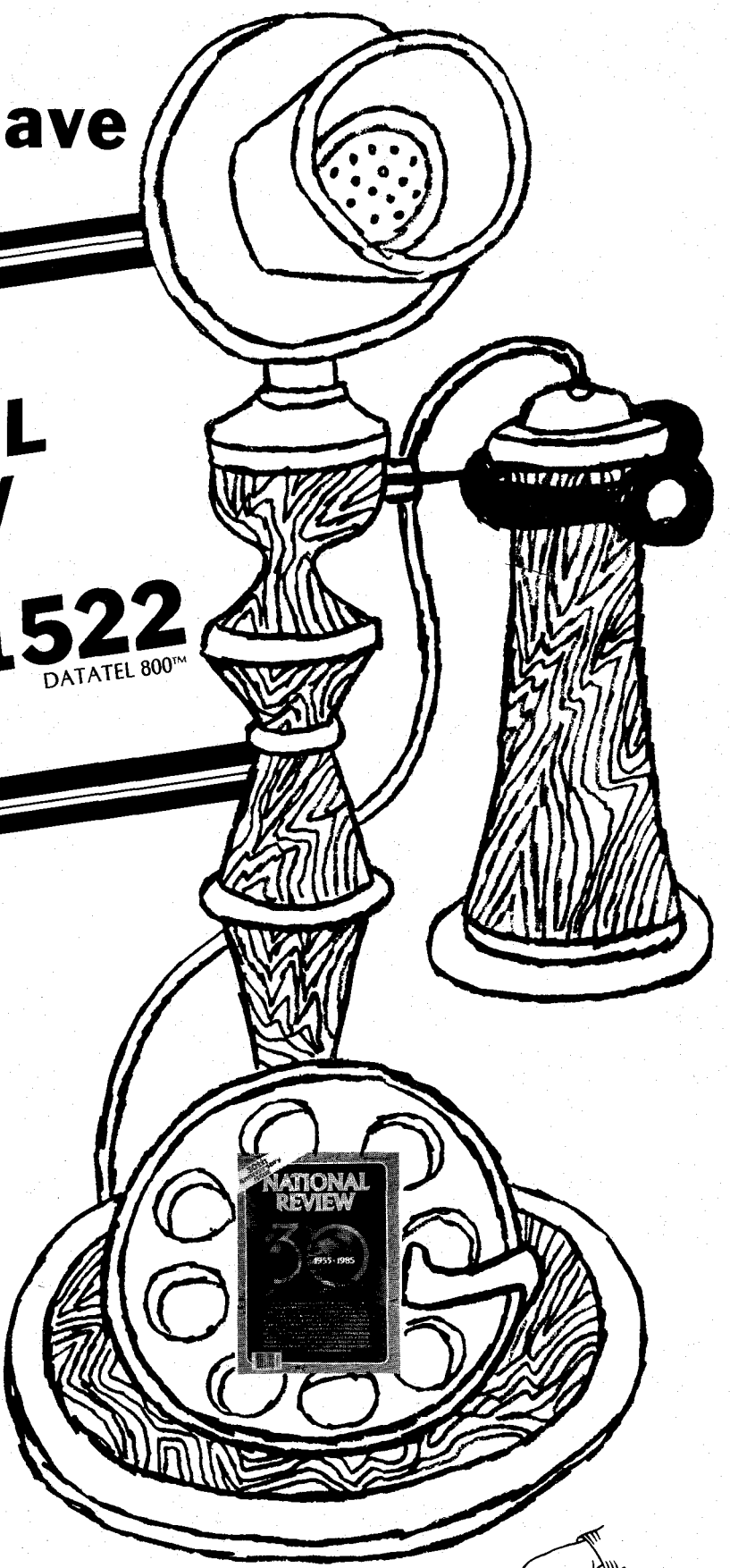

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FOR THE RECORD

How they stacked up in Iowa: On the Republican side, **Robert Dole** (37 per cent), **Pat Robertson** (25), **George Bush** (19), **Jack Kemp** (11), **Pete du Pont** (7), **Alexander Haig** (less than 1). For the Democrats, **Richard Gephardt** (31), **Paul Simon** (27), and **Michael Dukakis** (22) bunched at the top, followed by **Jesse Jackson** (9), **Bruce Babbitt** (6), **Gary Hart** (less than 1), and **Albert Gore** (less than 1). . . . Robertson's surprise showing reflects well on **Kevin Phillips**'s prescience: Robertson, wrote Phillips pre-Iowa, raises "the chance that the major conservative outside thrust in 1989-92, supplanting economic conservatism, will be some cultural/religious mixture." . . . Phillips also discerned "Machiavellian conservative approach" to 1988—"reluctant acceptance of the White House going Democratic so that the Right can have four years in opposition to rebuild." "The real game," agrees Kemp pollster **Lance Tarrance**, "will be played for keeps in 1992." . . ."Yea Pat Robertson!" cheered left-wing Senator **Tom Harkin** (D., Iowa). "It means the Republicans have a big problem on their hands." . . . At a press conference in Manchester, N.H., *NR* Senior Editor **Jeffrey Hart** endorsed du Pont, signed on as senior advisor for speechwriting. Du Pont was also endorsed by Senator **William Roth** (R., Del.), of Kemp-Roth fame. . . . Of historical interest: the last *Boston Globe* pre-Iowa poll of New Hampshire showed Dukakis at 38 per cent, Simon at 17 per cent, Hart at 11 per cent; Bush at 39 per cent, Dole at 19 per cent, Kemp at 17 per cent.

Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* / Rothco

"Remember when it was Britain's figures we worried about?"

Manhattan U.S. Attorney **Rudolph Giuliani**, a Republican, bowed out of race against Democratic Senator **Daniel Patrick Moynihan**. Decision cripples state GOP. . . . "The Republicans are a lot closer to putting together the old **Reagan** coalition than the Democrats are to putting together any coalition," thinks **Gallup** organization president **Andrew Kohut**. January Gallup/Times Mirror poll classifying voters by values found large majorities of three core Reagan constituencies—"enterprisers," "moralists," "upbeats"—willing to back Bush or Dole against any Democrat. No core Democratic group—"New Dealers," "Sixties Democrats," "passive poor," "partisan poor"—displayed similar commitment to any current Democratic contender. . . . "TV's 1987 election coverage often seemed to be a soap opera starring Gary Hart"—conclusion reached by **Robert** and **Linda Lichter**'s Center for Media and Public Affairs, after analyzing 379 election stories on network evening news. On the other hand, Hart "had far and away the worst press. . . . Bush proved the Republican counterpart to Hart, with massive coverage producing the most negative press in the field. Robertson and du Pont also had more bad press than good." Best press "of any candidate in either party": Jackson. Best Republican press: Dole and Kemp. . . . In House 164 Republicans and 47 Democrats voted "yes" to Contra aid; 207 Democrats and 12 Republicans voted "no" (aid failed by eight votes). Presidential candidates Kemp and Gephardt split (yes and no, respectively). In Senate (51 yes, 47 no), 12 Democrats supported the Contras, seven Republicans opposed them. The honor roll: **Bentsen**, **Boren**, **Breaux**, **Chiles**, **Exon**, **Graham**, **Heflin**, **Hollings**, **Johnston**, **Nunn**, **Shelby**, **Stennis**. The finks: **Chafee**, **Durenberger**, **Hatfield**, **Packwood**, **Specter**, **Stafford**, **Weicker**. Candidates Gore and Simon voted no; so did **Bill Bradley**, whose pro-Contra vote in 1986 won conservative plaudits.

Taras Derevlyany, a 19-year-old deserter from the Soviet army in Afghanistan, appealed in an open letter to Soviet soldiers to resist the war. "Refuse to take part in this senseless and shameful war, stop fighting and annihilating the Afghan people. Remember that you are needed to defend your own country, your own people, and your own families, and not to suppress other nations." Letter was endorsed by ten other Soviet deserters now in the West. . . . **Raymond Gastil**, director of the Comparative Survey of Freedom at Freedom House, notes "a new spirit of change" in the Communist world in 1987. Still, the rights group's Map of Freedom shows only three Communist countries—Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia—"partly free"; all the rest, "not free."

Unwanted testimonials: Conservative Action Foundation members, dressed as a Nazi, a Soviet, an ayatollah, and a South African riot policeman, marched in "solidarity" with Senator **Kennedy** in his attempt to close **Rupert Murdoch**'s *Boston Herald*. . . . What do judges think? *Public Opinion* analyzed a survey of federal judges, found the three favorite public figures of Republican appointees were **Margaret Thatcher**, Ronald Reagan, and **Milton Friedman**. Favorites of Democratic appointees: **John Kenneth Galbraith**, Ted Kennedy, **Ralph Nader**. Republicans put **Fidel Castro** at bottom of list; Democrats put Moral Majority. Republicans rated *U.S. News & World Report* as most reliable news source, TV network news least. Democrats picked *New York Times* for best, and NATIONAL REVIEW for worst.

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THE WEEK

☐ Last week made it official: Ortega and the Sandinistas have more friends in Congress than the U.S. taxpayers do. The same good folks who helped turn Saigon into Ho Chi Minh City are trying to make Communism permanent in Managua, as the capital is still called.

☐ A bit of good news is that Contra leaders are setting up an aid fund to which private donations can be made, for which there is ample precedent. Senator Robert Dole is an early contributor, with a $500 check.

☐ The FBI has come under heavy attack for monitoring various groups of "dissidents" during the past seven years, this monitoring attributed to the McCarthyist proclivities of the Reagan Administration. Quite possibly, some or even many of the groups coming under surveillance were merely political activists pursuing their own agendas. However, in 1980, officials of the Communist Party U.S.A., working with Nicaraguan and El Salvadoran Communists, established an American "solidarity"—savor the irony—network to enlist support in the United States for Central American Communist struggles. This network, operating in conjunction with an assortment of human-rights and church groups, constituted a powerful lobby, affecting congressional votes. The Pledge of Resistance, for example, mobilized 100,000 petition-signers who pledged to break the law, if they had to, in order to aid Communist forces in Nicaragua and El Salvador. (See Collier and Horowitz, *Commentary*, January 1988.)

☐ When President Reagan gave the State of the Union address on January 25, he also presented a document, his 1988 Legislative and Administrative Message, "A Union of Individuals," containing his program for his last year in office. It's a good one. Organized along the lines of the Preamble to the Constitution, the message presents a solid conservative agenda except for catastrophic-illness insurance and INF, and even the latter is glossed by a reminder that the Russians have remained completely unyielding on regional issues. In addition to the usual requests for the balanced-budget amendment and line-item veto, the President assails the increasingly absurd budget process, promises more federalism and continued high-quality judicial appointments, correctly places the blame for the deficit on Congress (which, as the President points out, has added two dollars of domestic spending for every dollar it has cut from the military budget), backs George Bush's call for lower tax rates on capital gains and Jack Kemp's enterprise zones, stands foursquare for privatization, free trade, the right to work, the right to life, school vouchers, the Hatch Act, nuclear power, repeal of the windfall-profits tax, deregulation generally, and more. Let's hope he follows through on a great game plan.

☐ It appears as if the anti-nukes have finally won. The main investor in the Seabrook nuclear-power plant—the Public Service Company of New Hampshire—has filed for bankruptcy protection. PSNH had hoped to be able to pay its debts through a rate hike, which was denied; or by operating the plant at reduced capacity, which also was denied. The Nuclear Regulatory Commission would not grant an operating license until Seabrook had come up with adequate emergency-evacuation plans—which meant obtaining plans from Governor Michael Dukakis for the six communities in Massachusetts that are in Seabrook's emergency planning zone. Mr. Dukakis supports his refusal to submit plans by asserting that no plans could work for those communities. New Hampshire Governor John Sununu and other advocates still hope that the plant will open someday, mainly because New England is perennially short on energy supplies. Gretta Graham, a spokesman for Mr. Sununu, stated: "New England needs as much energy from as many different sources as possible. For economic prosperity to remain . . . we need to keep this slice of the total energy picture." Utilities in New Hampshire were almost forced to impose a "brownout" one bitterly

What Big Teeth She Has

Unwary fish will gulp a hook
  If worms are squirming on it,
And Congress loves Ortega's look,
  Dolled up in granny's bonnet.

W. H. von Dreele

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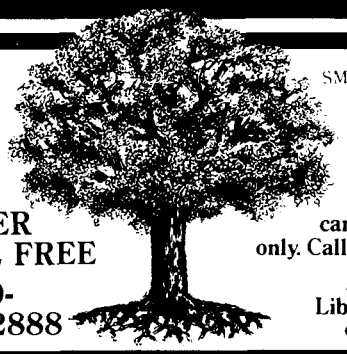

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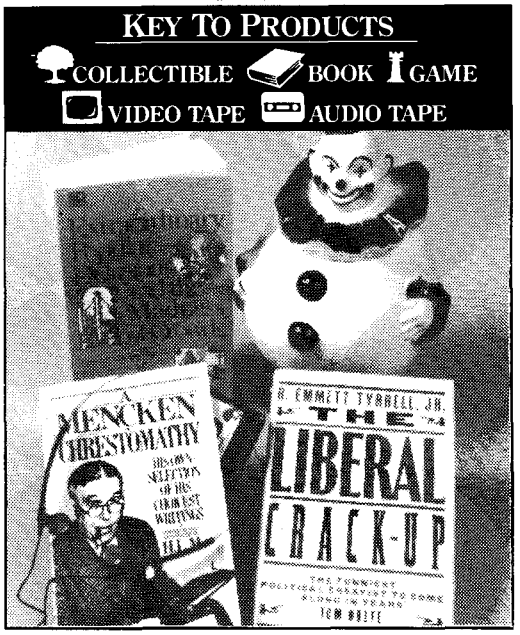

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FOR THE PAST month, Washington has been atwitter about the prospect of fratricide by the two leading contenders for the Republican nomination. The twittering crescendoed recently, after Senate Minority Leader Robert Dole confronted Vice President George Bush on the Senate floor over a press release from the Veep's campaign staff regarding the finances of the Minority Leader's wife.

Cato, who witnessed the encounter, heard Mr. Dole exhort Mr. Bush in threatening tones to "settle this man-to-man, instead of with press releases." Bush smiled tightly and nodded. For a moment, Cato thought the two were going to doff jackets, step into the hallway, and settle the matter the old-fashioned way.

What hasn't been reported is Senator Patrick Leahy's trenchant observation. After a second round several hours later, the Vermont senator scribbled a line on a piece of scratch paper and handed it to Bush. The note read, "You're acting like a couple of Dan Rathers." After Iowa, they'll be stabbing each other in the front.

One reason this mini-squabble got big press coverage is that Washington-based journalists have been more desperate than usual for front-page news. In this election year, they're finding less and less of it in Washington.

As you read this, for example, the executive and legislative branches of the Federal Government are dithering over the future of Central America and over the strategic implications of the INF treaty. That's important stuff. But don't expect it to hold an editor's interest like, say, the sort of story CBS aired just before the Iowa caucuses. That was a piece from Des Moines about the Simon campaign mascot, a tabby cat named Simon.

One shouldn't blame editors. The policy debates in Washington are becoming increasingly inconclusive and tedious. Take the most recent Contra debate. It was billed as "the moment of truth" for one of the President's cherished policies. But when all was said and done, Congress voted "maybe" for the *n*th time. Meanwhile, Congress's Democratic leaders have offered to work with the Administration to fashion some sort of purely "humanitarian" package that would keep the Contras fed but unarmed while diplomatic efforts continue.

That's a remarkable display of political jujitsu. After all, these are the same Democratic leaders who handed down the Boland Amendment banning any U.S. aid to the Contras in 1984. But many Democrats are afraid they'll hear Republican accusations that they "lost" Nicaragua, should the Contras drift away and the Sandinistas consolidate their totalitarianism. Meanwhile, most Americans have contentedly failed to realize that the continent they save may be their own.

The most potentially explosive story of the season in Washington could have been the next episode of Deficit Delirium. But, journalistically speaking, it now looks as if that, too, will be a dud. Recall the end of 1987, when an assortment of congressional heavyweights and Administration officials sequestered themselves in a room in the Capitol building and struggled with the numbers. After six weeks of suspense, white smoke was seen drifting from a Capitol chimney and, suddenly, we had a budget—a two-year spending and taxing blueprint that was supposed to spare the nation's leaders the inconvenience of having to make tricky budget choices during the election season. It was also supposed to lop $76 billion off the deficit.

Now there's trouble. The ostensibly non-partisan Congressional Budget Office has come out with figures showing that the deficit for the fiscal year 1989 will weigh in at something on the order of $176 billion. By the terms of the agreement, the deficit was supposed to be $136 billion; $146 billion triggers the automatic budget cuts of the Gramm-Rudman deficit-reduction law.

What to do? Well, one could try to effect tax increases and/or spending cuts to bring the deficit into line. But signs of a softening economy make that sort of thing risky even if it were politically possible—which it isn't.

So the Office of Management and Budget will obligingly help everyone out of a potentially sticky situation. This month, OMB plans to accompany the President's new budget request with figures showing that the deficit for the next fiscal year, which begins October 1, will only modestly exceed the targeted amount—not by enough to trigger the Gramm-Rudman cuts. In the past, such economic "optimism" provoked hoots of derision from Democrats. This year, they will quietly embrace OMB's figures. And quietly push yet another Washington story onto the back pages. —CATO

---

cold day in January. Seabrook hopes to draw up its own plans if Mr. Dukakis and others continue to stonewall. Meanwhile, campaigning in New Hampshire, Pete du Pont is saying that Dukakis thinks he's governor of *two* states.

☐ Joyce Brown, calling herself Billie Boggs, was just another public nuisance—filthy, living above a heating grate, cursing passersby—until the city of New York, moved by the current wave of sympathy for the homeless, tried to have her committed and treated for mental illness. Enter the ACLU, which got her released and is now sponsoring talk-show appearances and a speaking tour for her. She was laughed off WOR's "People Are Talking" by a "common man" studio audience—but a television anchorman was disciplined for asking her nonsubservient questions. She has spoken at NYU and Cardozo in New York City, and will lecture at the Harvard, Stanford, and Yale law schools. We await spring, and her honorary degrees.

☐ Some three million people face starvation in Ethiopia because of drought, civil war, and Communism. Any one of those factors would be bad enough, but the combination is lethal. The USSR, with a large slice of the world's best arable land, is an agricultural disaster and a food importer. Nevertheless, it exports

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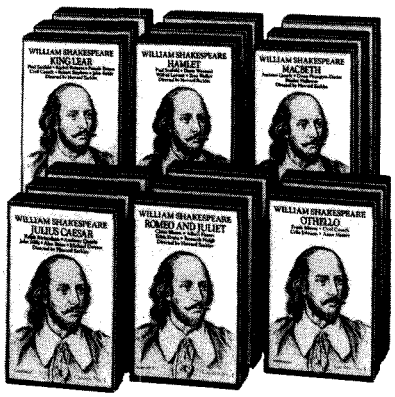

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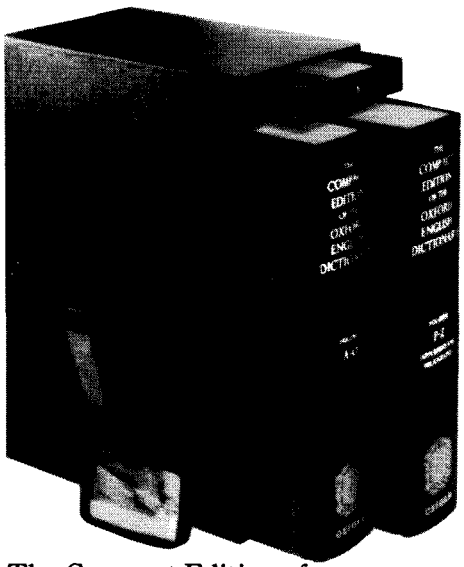

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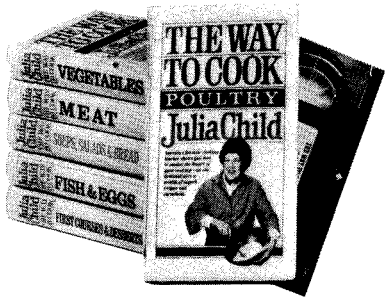

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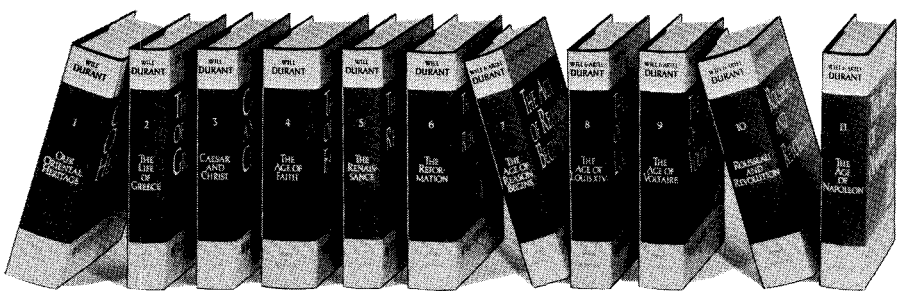

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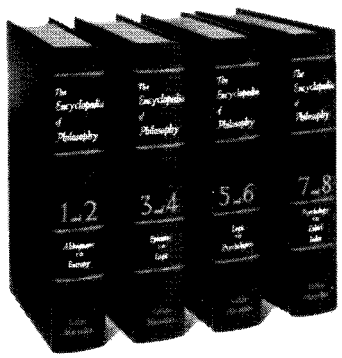

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arms to the Communist dictatorship in Addis Ababa. The U.S. sends generous amounts of humanitarian aid, much of which, blocked by a government that uses food denial as a weapon, never reaches those who are starving. The insurgent Eritrean nationalists often prove obstructive as well. Ethiopia may have the dubious distinction of being the only place in the world that was better off when Mussolini was running it.

☐ The prospect of too many children is the nightmare of Chinese long-range planners. Despite restrictions on the number of children, the birth rate in China has been rising, and the regime's goal of limiting the population to 1.6 billion by the end of the century is no longer considered realistic. Yet the country's first test-tube baby will be conceived in July. How come? It seems that 8 per cent of adult Chinese are infertile, and sterility in China is considered a sad fate if not a disgraceful one. As Chairman Mao used to say, "Every stomach comes with a pair of hands." Some observers think that this is also a move designed to deflect American criticism of forced birth control and abortion by demonstrating that family planning also helps the childless.

☐ Take a dash of wit, a pint of youthful irreverence, and a whole bunch of gutsy journalism and what do you get? *The Dartmouth Review*. Now entering its seventh year, the *Review* evokes fear and loathing among Dartmouth's liberal *nomenklatura*; its editors are courted by Republican presidential candidates, and it has bequeathed to the conservative movement outstanding journalists like Dinesh D'Souza and Greg Fossedal, and the cartoonist Steve Kelley. Soon to be added to the list? Current Editor-in-Chief Chris Baldwin, whose latest issue includes a cultural-literacy poll (Dartmouth students flunk), an interview with Secretary of Education William Bennett (bravo!), and other fine items.

☐ Just in case you were thinking of moving to Boise, Idaho, it is illegal to scowl, glower, frown, pout, or use any other facial expression that can be construed as a reasonable opinion of the laws of Boise.

☐ A company in Hibbing, Minnesota, is selling millions of disposable chopsticks to Japan.

☐ Nikolai Bukharin has been rehabilitated. The Politburo Commission has found that the old Bolshevik was framed and wrongly executed. We're all for bringing Stalin's crimes to light, but we draw the line at nitpicking.

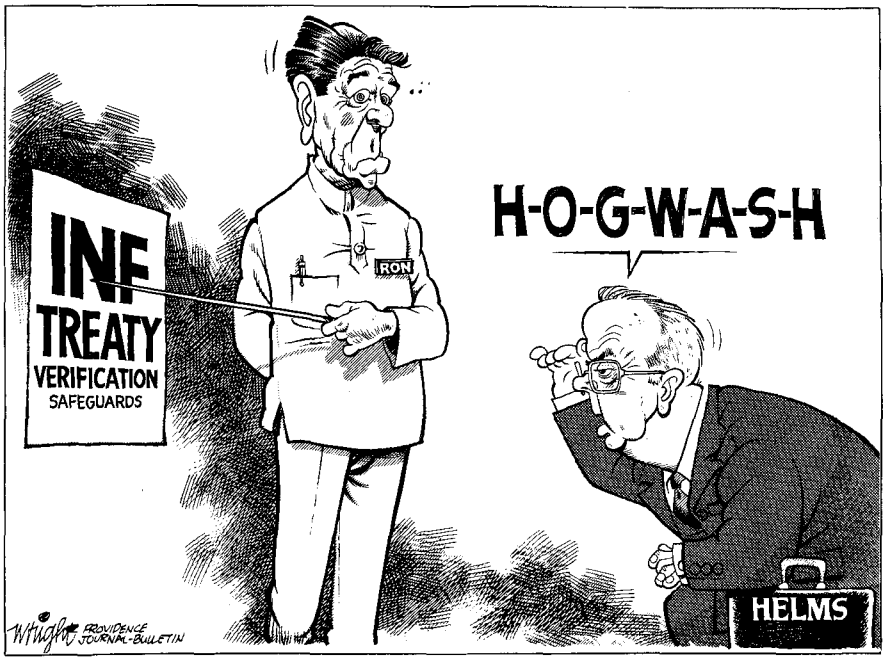
☐ And Teddy Kennedy says Redskins quarterback Doug Williams did more for civil rights in one afternoon than the Reagan Administration has done in eight years. We'd say this was a new low, if it were anyone else talking.

Iowa and After

As these words are read, the results of Iowa will be undergoing modification by the results of New Hampshire.

On the Republican side, Bob Dole profited from the press's relentless coverage of Bush's Iran-Contra connection, which he can expect to continue all the way to New Orleans. Dole's decision to skip the *Kulturkampf* of the Michigan caucus now seems like a shrewd move; all the networks showed Dole genially welcoming new—i.e., Evangelical—voters into the party. On the minus side, Dole has yet to come up with a campaign theme, apart from the story of his life. That played well in Dubuque. New England and the South are more problematic.

Pat Robertson's "hidden army" turned out to be large and well mobilized. For months, the mainstream media have been unable to get a grip on his candidacy; they have either dismissed it, or written of his supporters in the lurid tones H. L. Mencken employed at the Scopes trial. Robertson's base is religious, a fact he now rather disingenuously fudges. But the political motivations of his backers are readily comprehensible in secular terms. American society is beset by woes that are not inevitable evolutions,



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but the product of specific policies and failures of social will. Robertson's troops want a President who will reverse those trends. Practically, Robertson has to see whether private-sector busing gets the vote out as effectively in primaries as in caucuses. But he will be a factor in New Orleans in any case.

George Bush's campaign has been compared to a battleship. Like a battleship, it lumbers. But like a battleship it can also take a number of hits. Bush's basic problem, more than Iran-Contra, is his lifelong inability to stand for anything resonantly. He was expected to compensate for this by his personal loyalty—to Reagan, to all the tasks he has taken on. He may yet.

New Hampshire, with its history of low-tax sentiment and its "Live Free or Die" license plates, should be a more hospitable state for Jack Kemp, though Robertson's Iowa showing hurts Kemp's hopes for Religious Right support. If Kemp doesn't do significantly better there, it may be time to think of the showers. This goes double for Pete du Pont, who must come in second or third in New Hampshire.

Among the Democrats, the real contest is to see what, if anything, distinguishes Richard Gephardt, Paul Simon, and Michael Dukakis. Gephardt ran hard on protection in Iowa. On the other hand, given his past record of political consistency, he may have become a free-trader by New Hampshire.

Jesse Jackson showed that his support extends to pinheads of all races. Albert Gore continued his run for the Presidency of the Confederacy. Bruce Babbitt, Alexander Haig, and Gary Hart are not long for this vale of tears.

After New Hampshire comes a handful of primaries and caucuses, filling the void before March 8, when the kaleidoscope gets its next big shake.

Nixon Says

He isn't Nostradamus, but
The way he reads the coconut,
Recession leading to decline
Will trigger an incessant whine,
As Democrats fret over those
Who still must stand on tippy-toes,
And turn to Cuomo, leaving us
Assigned to back seats in the bus.

W. H. von Dreele

COMMENTARY

HOW A COUNTRY GOES COMMUNIST TO STAY

John Silber

On February 3, the House of Representatives, by rejecting even an inadequate $43 million in aid to the Contras, of which only $3.6 million was military, gave further proof to the world that we are no longer dependable allies—that we will first encourage and then abandon those who are willing to fight for freedom in their own country, and that we are hopelessly naïve about Communist tactics.

The Democratic promise of a later vote on exclusively humanitarian aid to the Contras will in no way compensate for the vote taken on February 3. Humanitarian aid is predicated on "giving the Arias plan a chance." The idea that the Arias plan ever had a chance is based on a naïve belief that the Sandinistas are genuinely interested in negotiating a settlement that would bring freedom and democracy to Nicaragua.

Congress's failure to provide any military aid to the Nicaraguan resistance is based largely on a sincere belief that the United States has no right to overthrow a foreign government. But this is incompatible with our support for the freedom-fighters in Afghanistan. What Congress really believes is that it is wrong to overturn a *legitimate* foreign government.

The supporters of aid to the Afghans deny the legitimacy of the Kabul government. The opponents of aid to the Contras proclaim the legitimacy of the Sandinistas. In fact, both regimes are illegitimate, and our foreign policy will lack coherence until we understand this.

In Afghanistan we have supplied aid to a resistance movement adequate to make it a powerful threat to the Soviet puppet regime. It now seems possible that this policy will force the Soviets to abandon their Afghan surrogates and, under the dubious cosmetics of an international agreement, to cut and run. This analysis may be over-optimistic, but there can be no doubt that our Afghan policy is on the right vector.

And it has not been a controversial policy. Last year Congress voted approximately $700 million in aid to the Afghan freedom-fighters, and in total has supplied upward of $1 billion to their cause.

Americans readily support freedom-fighters in Afghanistan because they recognize the illegitimacy of the Kabul government. They know the Soviets invaded Afghanistan with over 100,000 men, and that the resistance movement is firmly based within the country, able to operate near the major cities.

The developments in Nicaragua have been far more complex and confused. Following Castro's example, the Sandinistas moved subtly to subvert the democratic revolution against Somoza. There was no sudden introduction of the thousands of Cuban combat troops sent to Nicaragua, or of Soviet-supplied rifles,

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The Nunn Defense

SENATOR SAM NUNN recently proposed a ground-based defense of key U.S. sites against Soviet missiles—the so-called "point" defense—in a speech to the Arms Control Association. His staff said he had in mind an anti-ballistic missile called the ERIS.

The Arms Control Association was giving Senator Nunn an award for his efforts to emasculate the SDI test program. After the speech, Spurgeon Keeny, head of the Arms Control Association, called the Nunn proposal a "slippery slope," apparently because it seemed to be the opening wedge for the dangerous notion that the U.S. should be able to defend itself against Soviet nuclear attack.

In fact, the Arms Control Association had no cause for alarm, because the point defenses favored by Senator Nunn are not effective against a Soviet attack. These defenses are located on the ground, and can only intercept a warhead near the end of its flight, as it descends toward its target. Since each intercepting missile can knock out only one warhead, the Soviet planner merely has to observe how many intercepting missiles we have around each key site. Then he assigns enough warheads to use up all those interceptors. After that, he is home free; he sends over a few more warheads, and the key U.S. site is blown away.

For example, if we have one hundred intercepting missiles protecting our important sites and the Soviet commander wants to destroy those sites, he adds one hundred warheads to his initial attack to use up our interceptors, and then he can be confident of success.

Assigning an additional hundred or so warheads to the attack is quite feasible for the Soviets, because the number of U.S. sites that they must be certain of destroying is relatively small. They are likely to go after the nerve centers of our nuclear forces—the "command, control, and communications" network—because they are the most vulnerable part of our deterrent. Destroying these centers would decapitate our forces; some of our missiles, submarines, and bombers might still be intact, but, without orders to release their weapons, they would be useless.

Yet these key U.S. command centers are divided among just one hundred or so sites. If the Soviet commander assigns ten or even twenty warheads to each key site to be sure of getting through our defenses, he still uses only a few thousand warheads—a small fraction of his arsenal, which will number at least 12,000 warheads in the 1990s, the CIA reports.

Senator Nunn suggested his ground-based ERIS defense as protection against an accidental launch—one or two missiles fired by an errant computer or a psychotic officer—but ERIS is not effective against that

missiles, airplanes, helicopters, and tanks. The Sandinistas moved gradually toward their objectives, and because of the small size of Nicaragua, in contrast to the vastness of Afghanistan, were able to compel the democratic opposition to rely on bases outside the country. In consequence, too many Americans have failed to recognize the Sandinistas as Soviet puppets.

Nor was the Sandinista regime legitimized by the "election" of 1984. The election was held prior to the drafting of any constitution and offered the voters merely the empty opportunity to select a president whose powers were not yet defined. When the constitution was eventually promulgated, it became clear that even if the only credible opposition had not been harassed into withdrawing, and had won, President Arturo Cruz would have spent his time meeting new ambassadors and rubberstamping decrees of the Sandinista junta. Power would have remained where it still is: with the nine *Comandantes*.

Moreover, Sandinista suppression of human rights in Nicaragua is a confession of illegitimacy: legitimate governments have no need to deny free speech, a free press, free travel, privacy of communication, the right to a speedy trial, the right to counsel, and all the other rights suppressed under the emergency decree of October 1985. The fact that this decree was suspended just before the recent vote on Contra aid reveals the cynicism of the regime and its arrogant attempt to manipulate Congress. There are no human rights in Nicaragua, merely concessions from the *Comandantes*, granted and withdrawn as expediency dictates.

Many Americans believe that Sandinista repression is a response to the threat of the Contras. In fact, the Sandinista repression began in September 1979, long before there were any Contras, at a time when many of the present leaders of the Contras were themselves participants in the revolutionary government.

It is worth remembering how the democratic revolution against Somoza was converted into an illegitimate tyranny. In the spring of 1979, President Carter suddenly withdrew all aid from Somoza, and the collapse of the National Guard followed. A broadly based revolutionary government, made up of Nicaraguans of all social and economic classes and political tendencies, succeeded Somoza and pledged itself to the democratic process. Within months, however, the

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threat either. A ground-based ERIS defense deployed within the limits of the ABM treaty has a "footprint"—the area defended by all the intercepting missiles deployed at one site—that is too small to protect the East and West Coasts of the U.S. at the same time even against an accidental warhead.

The defects of the ground-based defense are among the reasons why President Reagan and former Defense Secretary Weinberger have insisted on a space-based layer for SDI, even in the earliest U.S. defenses under consideration for deployment.

A space-based defense, backed up by an ERIS ground-based defense, is completely different from a ground-based defense alone. It would have a paralyzing effect on Soviet attack plans. A space-based defense would deliver the American people from the specter of the "bolt out of the blue"—a pre-emptive missile attack, aimed at crippling our retaliatory forces.

Why is that? Because space-based defenses, located on satellites orbiting over the Soviet Union, can shoot down Soviet ICBMs as they rise from their silos. If we have a defense that destroys the Soviet ICBMs at the very start of their trajectories, the Soviet commander planning a nuclear attack cannot tell beforehand which of his ICBMs and warheads will be destroyed, and which ones will get through. Therefore, he cannot count on destroying the key U.S. sites—particularly the command centers for the U.S. nuclear forces—by allocating extra missiles to those sites alone, because our space-based defenses may shoot down just the very missiles he has allocated.

That means a large element of uncertainty has been introduced into Soviet planning. Uncertainty is a death knell to an attack plan. If the Soviet commander is uncertain of the success of his surprise attack, he will not launch it.

Space-based defenses would draw the fangs of the Soviet ICBM force. They would convert an arsenal of intimidation into a simple deterrent. It is easy to see why killing the space-based layers in SDI has become the principal objective of Soviet foreign policy.

It is not so easy to see why some members of Congress are working toward the same end. Their strong opposition to space-based defense is likely to ensure that the United States will not have this effective defense against Soviet missile attacks in the 1990s.

The bottom line is that the outlook for defending America in the next ten to 12 years is not promising. The congressional politics of missile defense—especially the opposition to space-based defense—are such that by the mid-1990s the Soviets will probably have a lethal combination of a first-strike arsenal *and* a defense against U.S. retaliation—and the United States will have neither.

In these circumstances, it will be clear to all that the American Government cannot protect its citizens from nuclear attacks, and that the United States is no longer a nuclear superpower. The consequences of that development, writes Robert Gates, Deputy Director of the CIA, will be "awesomely negative" for the United States, with catastrophic political developments certain to follow.

Sandinistas had seized control of the junta, declaring their movement the only legitimate holder of political power, and imposing severe restrictions on trade unions, other political parties, the church, and the media.

They succeeded because they alone of the revolutionary factions were heavily armed. They had learned from Trotsky's dry description of how Lenin suppressed the Constituent Assembly: "Ideology marched hand in hand with Lettish sharpshooters."

The Sandinistas, through their oppression, called the Contras into being.

In their oppression, they were true to their traditions. The history of Marxist-Leninist regimes is a consistent and successful refusal to yield power to the people. To believe that the *Comandantes* will ever yield power except to *force majeure* is to succumb to a naïveté of the most dangerous sort. The Arias plan assumes that a Marxist-Leninist regime will do what no Marxist-Leninist regime ever has done.

Nearly twenty thousand Nicaraguans have now enlisted with the freedom-fighters, and their youth proclaims their innocence of any association with Somoza's National Guard. If we let the Nicaraguan resistance fail, the judgment of history upon us will be severe. But we will not have to wait for the judgment of history: the consequence of a consolidated Soviet base on the American mainland will bring our folly home to us before the historians have their say.

Bush and the Contras

YEAR AFTER YEAR, more than 90 per cent of the House Republicans have voted to support Ronald Reagan's Central America policies—including military aid to the Contras. In few areas are the differences between the two parties so stark.

But in the key Contra-aid vote of February 3, there were 12 Republicans who voted against their President; if five of those votes had gone the other way, the Administration would have won. Eight of those 12 Republicans have endorsed George Bush. Two have endorsed Robert Dole. By contrast, all the members of Congress who support Jack Kemp's candidacy voted with President Reagan on this vital issue. Revealing facts, these.

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In the days leading up to the vote, neither Bush nor Dole said anything about the need to back the Contras, though both were receiving heavy media coverage. Kemp did: he held a press conference with resistance leader Adolfo Calero on the afternoon of February 3 and appealed to his colleagues in Congress to back the President. When a reporter asked whether this press conference would hurt him in dovish Iowa, Kemp said, "Yes, it probably will," adding, however, that he wanted the voters of Iowa and all of America to know that he believed it "essential for the free world to help the anti-Communist resistance forces win."

Meanwhile, news photos showed Bush being warmly endorsed by Representative Leach of Iowa—a Republican congressman who has opposed nearly every aspect of Reagan's Central America policy for seven years. It's pertinent to ask: Why is Leach endorsing Bush? Why does Bush accept his endorsement? And what has Bush said to the eight congressmen who have endorsed him while voting against one of Reagan's top foreign-policy priorities?

INF: Where Do We Go From Here?

THE Senate Foreign Relations Committee was in its second week of hearings on the INF treaty before it heard its first anti-ratification witness. To be sure, Jeane Kirkpatrick had expressed strong reservations about the treaty, but had come down to the position that the damage had already been done, and that continuing to oppose the treaty would merely harm our allies—it would be "like enticing someone out on a limb and then cutting it off."

Enter Evan Galbraith. As our ambassador to France from 1981 to 1985, he had astonished the French Socialists with his open endorsement of President Reagan's policies. He was equally open last week in taking issue with the Reagan Administration on INF.

Galbraith began by pointing out that it would be impossible for us to know whether the Soviets had in fact dismantled their SS-20s. We don't even know, he said, how many they have now: we only know how many they say they have, and how many our aerial intelligence efforts tell us they have—and by the way the two numbers are different. There is no way, he said, that we can be certain how many more they might have hidden away. During the question period Senator Cranston started to challenge him on this point—when Cranston was unexpectedly restrained by Senator Pell, who said in effect: Sorry, he's right.

Galbraith continued: "The underlying problem in Europe is the fact that almost no one can believe the United States would use its strategic nuclear weapons solely for the purpose of defending Europe." And indeed, that is a large part of the reason the Pershings and cruises were deployed in the first place: to create a response to potential Soviet attack that would be localized, and therefore credible. "By ratifying this treaty," Galbraith concluded, "you will destabilize Germany and Western Europe and threaten the existence of NATO."

But all is not (quite) lost. While INF is almost certain to be ratified, there is much that can be done within its limits. Above all, we must resist (as Margaret Thatcher most vigorously is resisting) the so-called "third zero": the removal of the last nuclear weapons from Europe. The United States had started the INF "process," way back when, by proposing the removal of missiles with a range of six hundred to 3,500 miles: the Zero Option. The Soviets, once they had decided to accept this proposal, said: We'll see you, and raise you. They counterproposed removing missiles that could travel three hundred to six hundred miles: the second zero. That leaves only the "battlefield" nuclear weapons—Lance and Frog missiles and dual-capable artillery and aircraft—which the Soviets intensely desire to have removed, since they constitute the only credible deterrent at the moment to the Soviets' overwhelming conventional superiority. Alas, certain West Germans—most prominently, Foreign Minister Genscher—are also calling for their removal, reflecting the strain West Germany suffers, trying to accommodate NATO and Ostpolitik at the same time.

In addition to insisting on the maintenance of these battlefield weapons, there are other avenues to be pursued. As the London *Daily Telegraph*'s defense correspondent, John Keegan, explains—and some of Mrs. Thatcher's more hard-headed advisors are also pressing this point—the INF treaty is specifically limited to land-based systems. There is absolutely nothing in it to prevent various "measures of substitution"—including B-52 bombers and, even more usefully, submarines or indeed surface ships equipped with the appropriate version of cruise missiles. Keegan concludes: "The louder [the Soviets] shout, the less frightened Europeans should resolve to feel. At this dangerous moment in the life of the Atlantic world, Europeans should be frightened only by the prospect that the American proponents of 'seaborne substitution' will not carry the day in Washington."

Meese: Sentence First, Verdict Afterwards

IF ED MEESE is so crooked, why ain't he rich? That's the first obvious rejoinder to the vague charges swirling around Meese concerning the Iraqi pipeline that never was. The critical document, a long memo to Meese from his old friend Robert Wallach, is classified, but many of those who haven't seen

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Defense Spending In Historical Perspective

A NUMBER OF recent books and articles have touched upon the intimate link between economic and political power. In his bestseller *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers*, Yale historian Paul Kennedy finds economic overextension, specifically the tendency of mounting military expenditures to overwhelm the economy's productive capacity, to be behind the demise of every great power since the Habsburgs.

Will defense spending be our economic Trojan Horse?

In 1961, when President Eisenhower first warned us about the military-industrial complex, total national defense spending amounted to only $48 billion. By fiscal 1987 it had reached $282 billion, a 26 per cent rise after adjusting for inflation.

But economic burden is best measured not by dollars but by the share of the total economy devoted to government spending. Here are the figures:

FEDERAL SPENDING AS A PERCENTAGE OF GNP

	National Defense	Transfer Payments	Interest	Total
1960	9.5	4.8	1.4	18.2
1970	8.3	6.5	1.5	19.8
1980	5.0	10.4	2.0	22.1
1987	6.4	9.2	3.1	23.0

On the heels of the largest defense buildup in peacetime history, national defense appropriates roughly 33 per cent less of the total economy today than in 1960. Meanwhile, transfer payments are nearly twice, and interest on the national debt more than twice, as burdensome relative to the size of the economy now.

This is not to say that defense spending cannot or should not be reduced. The Grace Commission identified ways of slicing more than $55 billion off annual DOD outlays through managerial and administrative efficiencies alone, without compromising a single weapons system or manpower requirement.

If Professor Kennedy's historical dialectic is valid, then surely the Soviet Union, which devotes approximately 17 per cent of its GNP to defense (up from 12 per cent in the early 1970s), is the more likely candidate for political oblivion.

If it should be us, however, our army of social engineers will be at least as much to blame as the military—if not more. —ED RUBENSTEIN

it—and who dislike Meese for political reasons—are going ahead anyway with demands that he resign. They argue that as Attorney General he must be like Caesar's wife.

The catch is that the same sector of the Washington populace that is insisting that Meese remain above suspicion has also been busying itself sowing suspicion. Part of the argument runs that the sheer number of charges brought against Meese over the years must mean something, even though none has been proved and several have been refuted, from Cufflinkgate to Wedtech. Rumors of imminent indictments have come and gone, but each new rumor brings new demands for his resignation. If only the rumors were about Communist affiliations, his accusers would be his passionate defenders, and the air would ring with due-process rhetoric. But, as with Robert Bork, the verdict seems to be coming in before the charge has been defined.

Meese may in part be the victim of friends like Wallach, who seems to win influence with business associates by bragging of access to the Attorney General. By now Meese has no doubt learned the hazards of making himself available to such people. But unless and until he is indicted, he should be allowed to stay on the job unharassed by innuendo merchants. He has served the country well and honorably. In the system of law at whose apex he sits, the burden of proof rests with the accusers, and the Attorney General is as fully entitled to the presumption of innocence as any other citizen.

Afghan Timetable

IS MIKHAIL GORBACHEV getting desperate? One asks because the timetable for the (still hypothetical) withdrawal of the 115,000 Soviet troops still in Afghanistan just goes down and down. In Geneva last September, the time-span on offer was 16 months. In November, the current puppet in Kabul, "Comrade" Najibullah—ex-chief of the Khad, the local equivalent of the KGB—gave the time-span as 12 months. Now Gorbachev makes it a mere ten.

Mind you, there are conditions. His stated date for starting the process is May 15 (which relates hardly by coincidence with the proposed Moscow Summit), and the main condition he stipulates is that agreement on a "peace" settlement must have been reached at the UN-sponsored talks by next month.

A more important step forward (if it proves so to be) was Gorbachev's offer to start pulling the occupation army out without first insisting on the creation of a government of national reconciliation in Kabul.

Apparently caught slightly by surprise, the State Department made a cautious reference to "fine print." So now, we sit back and see whether the recent journey to Rome of the ubiquitous Mr. Armand Ham-

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Democrats at Debate

They shrink from those who rattle swords
Or bad-mouth INF accords,
Preferring officers to be
Like captains in the Queen's navee
Who polished handles on the door
And, too refined to talk of war,
Eschewed as well the big, big "D"
When chatting with Her Majesty.

W. H. von Dreele

mer, son of a co-founder of the Communist Party U.S.A., yields results. Why was Mr. Hammer in Rome? Why, to suggest to the ex-king of Afghanistan that he might go home to preside over a coalition of Communists and anti-Communists. Ah, well . . .

Gephardt Economics

Congressman Richard Gephardt's slim plurality in the Iowa caucuses is widely said to be a victory for protectionism and populism. What everyone is forgetting is that, as a congressman from a neighboring farm state who had spent three years and a small fortune in Iowa, Gephardt had been the favorite from the start. The real surprise was that he slipped behind for a while, and that nearly 70 per cent of Iowa's *Democrats* still prefer someone else.

The fact that he nonetheless ended up on top is being attributed to TV spots in which he threatened to push the cost of South Korean cars up to $48,000, to match what South Koreans have to pay for an American car. Yet the trade issue was nothing new —it had been the centerpiece of his campaign while he and the other protectionist, Bruce Babbitt, were losing ground. There was also nothing new in Gephardt's mythology about the "disappearing family farm" (98.5 per cent of all farmland is still family-owned), or "deindustrialization" (U.S. manufacturing output increased by 39 per cent in the past five years).

Gephardt's promises to "get tough with corporate America" and to somehow raise real wages were actually the new angles. He tells people that their living standards have declined, citing phony statistics from the Marxist Barry Bluestone. This might play well in Iowa, where agriculture and related food-processing industries are only beginning to recover. Farm prices and profits have been weak all over the world, but it is easier to blame foreigners or "big business" than face the facts.

Gearing his message to the poor and unemployed, however, may not be the best tactic for the next leg of the campaign: there simply aren't that many poor and unemployed people in New Hampshire or the Southeast. An exit poll likewise showed Gephardt only the third choice of college-educated Iowans, and there are more college degrees to worry about in New Hampshire. Educated voters may well ask how it is supposed to improve our living standards if we have to pay $48,000 for imported cars, plus tariffs on imported oil.

And what about that $48,000 the South Koreans have to pay for a $10,000 American car? Customs duties account for $4,000 of that steep price. The rest, aside from dealer profit, is various "consumption taxes," most of which would also apply to a $10,000 Korean car of similar size and power (if Korea made such a car). Why does South Korea go to such lengths to discourage its own people from enjoying either domestic or foreign cars? Because South Korea ran enormous trade deficits from 1960 to 1985, largely by borrowing from the U.S. to buy food and machinery from places like Iowa. The International Monetary Fund has pressured Korea, like other big debtor countries, to keep imports below exports in order to get the dollars to repay its staggering foreign debt. When too many countries try that, of course, it adds up to a U.S. trade deficit.

If Congressman Gephardt got the chance to put his $42,000 tariff on a Korean Hyundai, to "retaliate" for the Koreans' $4,000 tariff, then Korea would have to default on its loans and cut back on its massive purchases of U.S. farm products. Iowa's farmers wouldn't like that, and pensions invested in U.S. banks would take another loss, so there would be more low-income Americans who would have to settle for cars from Brazil, Mexico, and Yugoslavia.

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

When someone who we never agree with like Sam Donaldson of ABC News surprises us, we ought to take note and give him some positive reinforcement. For this reason, we should compliment Mr. Donaldson for his marvelous performance on *Nightline* the night the INF agreement was signed. His eloquence and forcefulness in stating the brief of the United States against the Soviet Union to millions of Soviet viewers was admirable. (This assumes of course that the Soviet authorities permitted his remarks to be translated verbatim.)

At the outset of the program, I was concerned that the "thrill" of the recent signing would transform the program into a disgusting lovefest filled with insipid comments about how if only we all loved each other our differences would go away. Mr. Donaldson quickly put my fear to rest by bravely stating some

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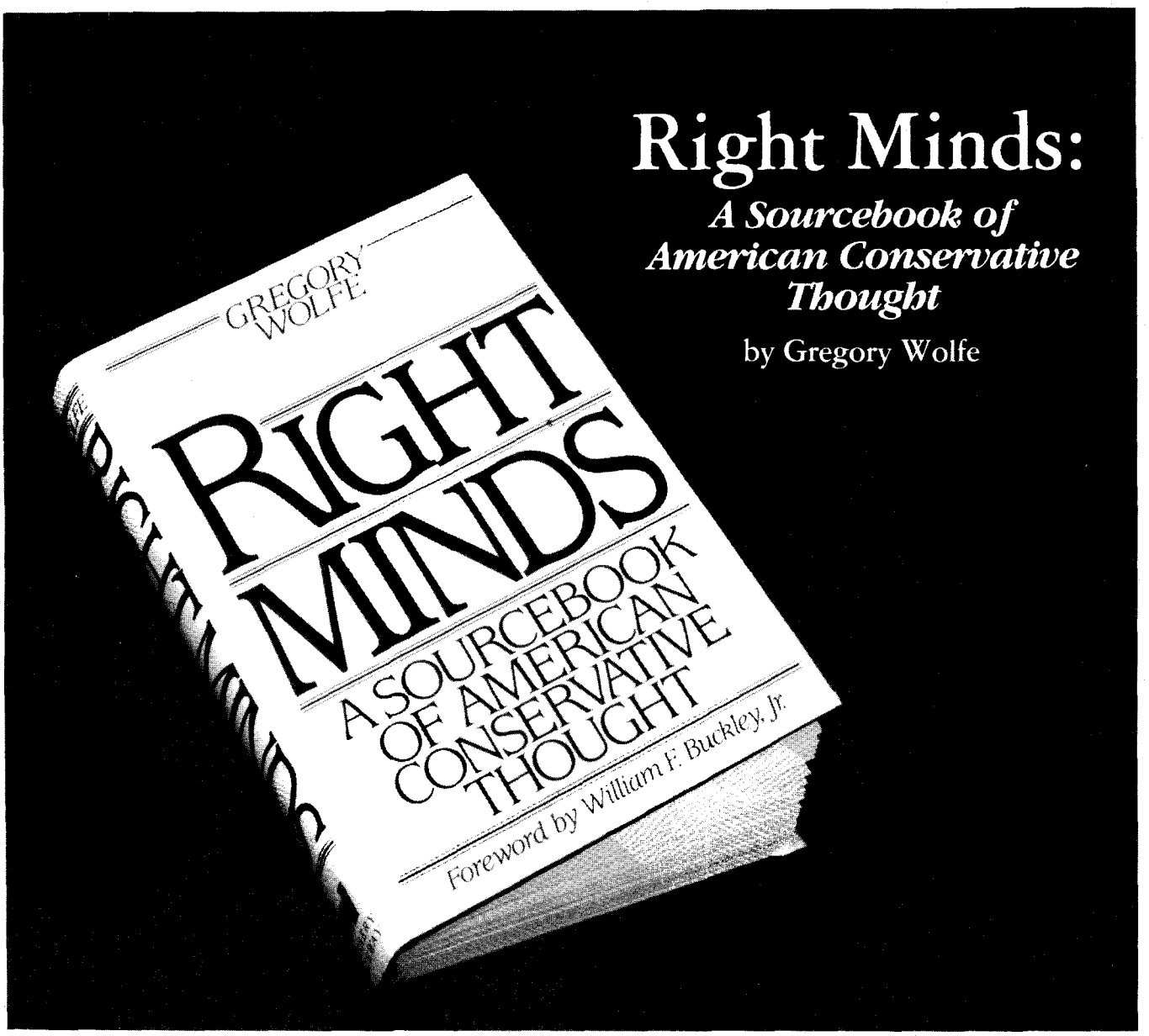
Pardon our saying it, but you may be out of your right mind if you don't take this opportunity to get your own copy of . . .



In his foreword to this remarkable book, William F. Buckley Jr. claims that *Right Minds* brings together in *one* handy volume "ninety percent of anything one would ever need to be familiar with in order to have a full understanding of the many tributaries that flow into the conservative mainstream." That's high praise for an ordinary-sized and *readable* book—but Buckley is on target: *Right Minds* isn't another book you'll never actually get around to reading, it's something that will fascinate you because it *relates* the wide variety of conservative thought—and thinkers—in a *coherent* outline.

Wolfe examines the writings of conservatives on everything from economics and foreign policy to the "social issues" involving the family, education, and the philosophy of a "Good Society." The book also includes short biographies of conservative figures from John Adams and Alexander Hamilton to Russell Kirk and George Gilder (naturally, you'll find *many* references to Bill Buckley, James Burnham, Whittaker Chambers, and many other famous conservatives well known to NR readers).

This is a book you will want to add to your personal library, not to mention pass along to those *young* people you care about. So why not take this opportunity to get your copy *FREE and postpaid* right now?

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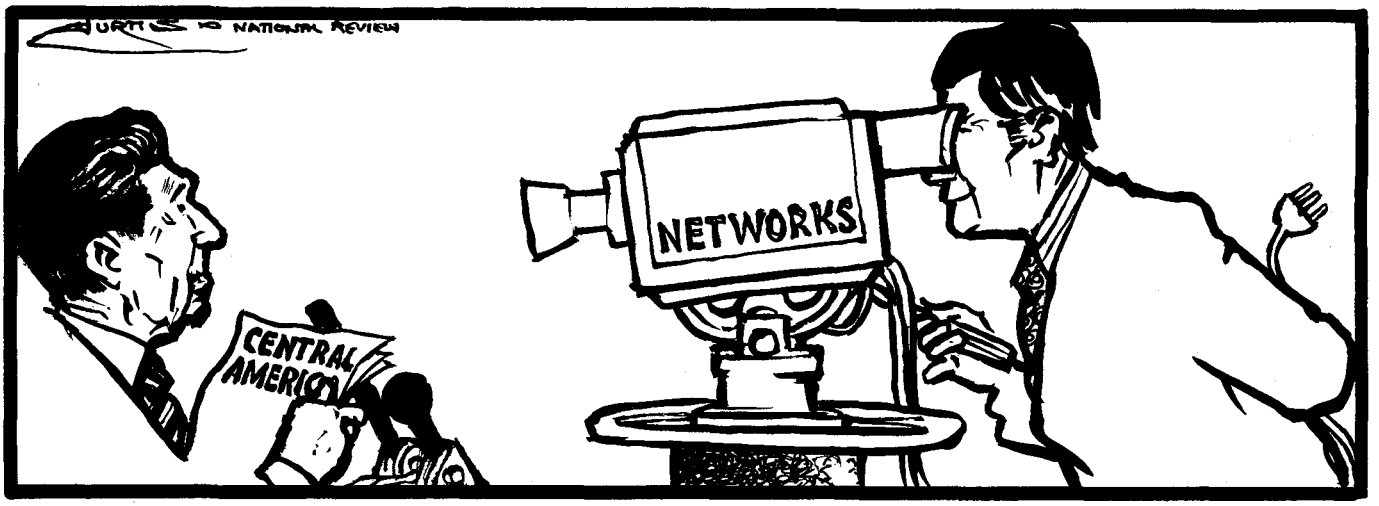

of the many evils perpetuated by the Soviet Union. His willingness to press the Soviet apologists on the issue of the Afghanistan invasion was especially impressive.

It goes without saying that I disagree with Mr. Donaldson on almost every issue. But hearing him that night made me proud that he is an American. I have no higher compliment for any man.

With best wishes,
Daniel E. Troy
Washington, D.C.

☐ Dear Bill:

My colleague here, Norm Saul, says that Gorbachev's supporters are the young, upwardly mobile Communists—Yukkies.

Cordially,
William C. Fletcher
Director, Soviet and East European Studies
The University of Kansas
Lawrence, Kan.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

"Ferdinand Marcos: What I'd Do in the Philippines"? What's in the next issue? "Jimmy Hoffa: What I'd Do in the Teamsters"?

Thomas Steger
Hillsborough, N.H.

Dear Mr. Steger: Come on. The views of men in disgrace are not inherently uninteresting. For instance, it would be fascinating to know what Jimmy Hoffa would do if he were back running the Teamsters, no? He might avoid antagonizing the kind of people who encase other people in cement. And Marcos undoubtedly wishes he had moved more decisively to secure the bases and eliminate the Communist threat. There aren't many people with his experience. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Bill:

You write in *NR* ["The Columbus of AIDS," Nov. 6, 1987], ". . . Yet promiscuity is part of the standard behavior of a great many homosexuals, though data are sketchy."

I thought you might be interested in this excerpt from my article "Of Gays and Gaiety," based on data published in *Psychology Today*, "Eros and Alley Oop," February 1981, p. 60:

> The statistics on current promiscuity among homosexuals are as sociologically terrifying as they are genetically wasteful and morally counterproductive. In an extensive ten-year study of San Francisco Bay Area homosexuality conducted on "normal" homosexuals, psychiatrists discovered that 28 per cent of male gays had experienced more than one thousand sexual liaisons each. That is, members of this group had each had intimate sex with over one thousand men. The remaining 70 per cent had had sex with over one hundred men each. Less than 2 per cent of the males had remained "married" to one partner in a faithful relationship. Lesbian relationships proved much less volatile, and proved a time-honored (though recently doubted) observation about the faithful impulse of woman: she wants to have one good, lasting and secure partner in her nest for life if at all possible. Unlike man, she is by nature the true keeper of the keg, even if homosexual. In the study no woman had had sex with more than one hundred partners. The vast majority of homosexual women maintained one or two partners for a lifetime, basically preferring "marriage" to promiscuity.

James C. Neely, MD
San Francisco, Calif.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

A friend of mine from the great State of New Hampshire tells me of the current thinking there (with apologies to Vergil): ". . . timeo Dukakis et dona ferentem."

Very truly yours,
William H. Power Jr.
Massena, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Power: But we do not fear Dukakis, who has no gifts to bring. Cordially, —WFB

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REAGANOMICS REVISITED

THE REAGAN State of the Union Address marked the beginning of the long goodbye. The President recognized this as clearly as anyone, and so his speech, although well-written (and well-delivered once the Great Communicator hit his stride), was almost free of surprises. But not completely. Stacking the 43 pounds of federal budget components on the podium was an artful gimmick and a useful one, the budget process being an ongoing national disgrace.

Another felicitous surprise was Mr. Reagan's promise to report on the pork items that he would "line out" if he had the line-item veto. That report is certain to create perverse hilarity among the Republicans when it appears shortly before Super Tuesday, and *Angst* among the pork-addicted Democrats. My staff, incidentally, had to labor arduously to get anyone on the Hill to admit that his or her Member of Congress had sponsored any of the pork items, such as the $3.4 million to the tailoring industry for research on how to sew sleeves onto shirts, or the $250,000 for research on how to prevent wild pigs from attacking exotic Hawaiian plants. Finally, one other quasi-surprise was the President's bold asseveration on START—"No agreement is better than a bad agreement"—now seen here as occasioned by 1) trouble in Geneva, 2) the need for caution, on simple merits, and 3) the need for a sop to the Right.

But the rest of the speech was a predictable laundry list, diffuse enough to permit Robert Byrd and Jim Wright in their rebuttals to narrow their focus to the political paydirt: the economy and the way it will perform in the coming months. As the eighth year of the Reagan era unwinds, with some economists predicting a recession this year, the plusses and minuses of Reaganomics will be hashed out again and again.

Reaganomics holds in theory that stimulating the supply side of the economy through tax cuts and production incentives will yield four benefits: control of inflation, stable growth, dramatically expanded employment, and an increase in tax revenues. These goals have all been achieved—although the hoped-for balanced budget has not, owing to the continuing failure, even after Gramm-Rudman, to make significant budget cuts.

Indeed, one might define Reaganomics as supply-side economics modified by politically induced compromises, and it is the compromises on the budget-cutting front that have been particularly noticeable. David Stockman, who was in the cockpit during the first term, wrote a book lamenting the Federal Government's inadequate handling of budgetary matters, which he called *The Triumph of Politics*. Stockman derided the inability of both the Administration and Congress to come to grips with popular, costly subsidies. Note that this failure goes beyond the Democrats' refusal to allow social-welfare spending to drop dramatically. It reflects as well an inability to bring middle-class social spending under control—from Amtrak (where the per-passenger subsidy on many routes is higher than airfare), to dairy subsidies, to military fringe benefits. So the failure to control the budget was really the joint failure of Congress and the Administration to attack the spending side.

But there were other pressures and compromises, frequently complained about both by supply-side theorists and by Administration officials themselves. For example, in his role as Chairman of the Federal Reserve, Paul Volcker maintained high interest rates to squeeze out inflation. Supply-siders thought that it would be better policy to stimulate growth through cuts in interest rates. So, on the growth side as well as the spending side, practice was never as pure as the supply-side theory.

How do we assess the performance of this compromise version of supply-side economics? First, the U.S. economy has produced enough jobs—in all income ranges—to reduce the unemployment rate to 5.8 per cent. There have now been five full years of steady economic growth. Inflation has dropped from double digits to a range of 3 to 4 per cent, and we have new highs in capital investment.

How about the deficit, then? Historically, a balanced budget has not been difficult to achieve at this stage of a prolonged recovery. In previous postwar recoveries, the budget has been balanced or in a slight surplus by this point. What concerns many about the present deficit is not its size, but the fact that it exists at all.

BUT THE OMENS are favorable. In the last four years, government revenues have risen a stunning 42 per cent. In the same four years, spending has risen only 25 per cent. The deficit is therefore dropping as a percentage of GNP. Today, it is almost where it was in 1981 (approximately 3 per cent of GNP), down from 6 per cent in 1983. For a compromise program, that isn't bad.

What the President must do, however, is prevent the Democrats from hanging both the remaining deficit and the national debt (more than doubled since Reagan took office) around his neck. It was he, remember, who vetoed both the 1987 pork-ridden highway bill ($88 billion) and the 1986 water bill ($6.5 billion), with the Democratic-controlled Congress overriding both vetoes. That same Congress just loaded more than $4 billion of fresh pork onto the FY 1988 budget. To quote the immortal words of R. Milhous Nixon, "Let's put that story out." □

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THE IRA'S INTERNATIONAL

The Irish Republican Army (IRA) has, still, many friends in the United States, but less is known about its friends and supporters in other countries. Together they constitute a kind of "International," an apt Leninist term in that the IRA Provisionals, if ever they achieved power in Ireland, would rapidly turn the island (north and south) into Britain's own offshore Cuba.

The phenomenon is of special interest to Americans, and not merely to those of Irish descent. The political wing of the IRA, Sinn Fein, portrays its cause as a "national liberation movement" in line with the global campaign against "imperialism" (meaning principally the United States).

An illustration, from a few years ago. The *National Catholic Register* in Los Angeles reported in December 1982 that Provisional Sinn Fein, at its Belfast headquarters, was displaying posters of guerrillas (terrorists?) from various left-wing groups, and noted that "Sinn Fein's expressions of solidarity include the PLO, the Basques, and, more recently, the radical feminists, all united by various Marxist slogans." In fact, just one big angry family. The IRA's international contacts illustrate the proposition that, in the final analysis, "the protracted conflict" is indivisible.

Colonel Qaddafi's Libya is among the IRA's steadfast friends. Last October, for instance, French customs officers detained the steamship *Eksun*, registered in Panama (where else?) with five Irish citizens on board. Three of the crew were later identified as Provisional IRA activists, two of them using passports from a batch of one hundred stolen from the Irish authorities in 1984. One of the men detained, Gabriel Clery, was later identified as head of the Provisional IRA's "Engineering Department." He had been arrested in the Irish Republic in the 1970s for arms offenses.

The *Eksun* carried an interesting cargo of 120 tons of weapons and ammunition, including surface-to-air missiles, rocket-propelled grenade launchers, machine guns and assault rifles, explosives, and detonators. Many of these weapons had been loaded in the Libyan capital, Tripoli.

Working backward, early in 1986 Irish Republican police uncovered two large caches of arms in County Sligo and County Roscommon. The original crates, later displayed at Dublin police headquarters, were marked "Libyan Armed Forces." As usual with such finds, the weapons were largely of Soviet-bloc origin, including ninety AK-47 assault rifles manufactured in East Germany and Rumania. There was also an interesting batch of Libyan army ammunition manufactured in Yugoslavia.

In fact, the first sign of Libyan support for these strictly non-Islamic terrorists came in March 1973, when the Irish navy intercepted a Cypriot vessel, the *Claudia*, which was carrying arms of Soviet origin, loaded in Tripoli by Libyan soldiers.

Soviet aid to the IRA is usually transmitted through intermediaries, most notably, as this list suggests, Libya (a major purchaser of Soviet weaponry for further export). The Soviet Union's policy toward the IRA is publicly ambiguous. Whenever the Provos commit some particularly vicious terrorist attack, Moscow media comment adopts a sanctimonious tone, and puts the blame on "colonialist" Britain. The problem, for Soviet commentators, is to protect the Irish Communists (the Communist Party of Ireland and the Workers' Party, both minuscule) from any suggestion that they might be involved in violence.

The IRA Provisionals cultivate terrorist solidarity with like-minded groups in Western Europe, the Middle East, and Latin America, in addition to Libya and the Soviet bloc. Fringe groups of anarchists and Trotskyists are lining up to help them. In West Germany, a support group was organized as long ago as 1972. Calling itself the West German-Ireland Solidarity Committee, it is based at Oberursel, near Frankfurt. It doesn't seem to involve itself directly in terrorism, but goes in for solidarity tours on both sides—terror tourism, you might say.

When it comes to terrorist acts, the picture is blurred by this solidarity. For instance, a stolen car containing a bomb, which exploded at a British army officers' mess at Rheindahlen in March 1987, had Dutch registration plates. Some months later, when the Prince of Wales and Princess Diana visited Hamburg and ran into a pro-IRA display, those responsible called themselves the "Autonomists"—an obscure anarchist group.

The most effective IRA-support groups are in France and Spain. Gestures of solidarity abound. For example, when King Juan Carlos and his consort visited Ireland in July 1986, Sinn Fein laid a wreath in tribute to members of the Basque terrorist movement, ETA, killed in their "struggle" in Spain. In the Middle East, not unexpectedly, the main node of solidarity is with the Palestine Liberation Organization, and there is much mutual congratulating between the Provos and the PLO. From time to time, too, when it suits them, Ayatollah Khomeini's mullahs say nice things about the IRA.

And in Latin America, the IRA maintains friendly links with suitable groups and governments, such as the "liberation" movement in El Salvador and the Sandinistas in Nicaragua. Last June a thirty-member Irish work brigade went over to help the Sandinistas with their coffee harvest. Just like Cuba's "Venceremos Brigade" from the U.S.A. □

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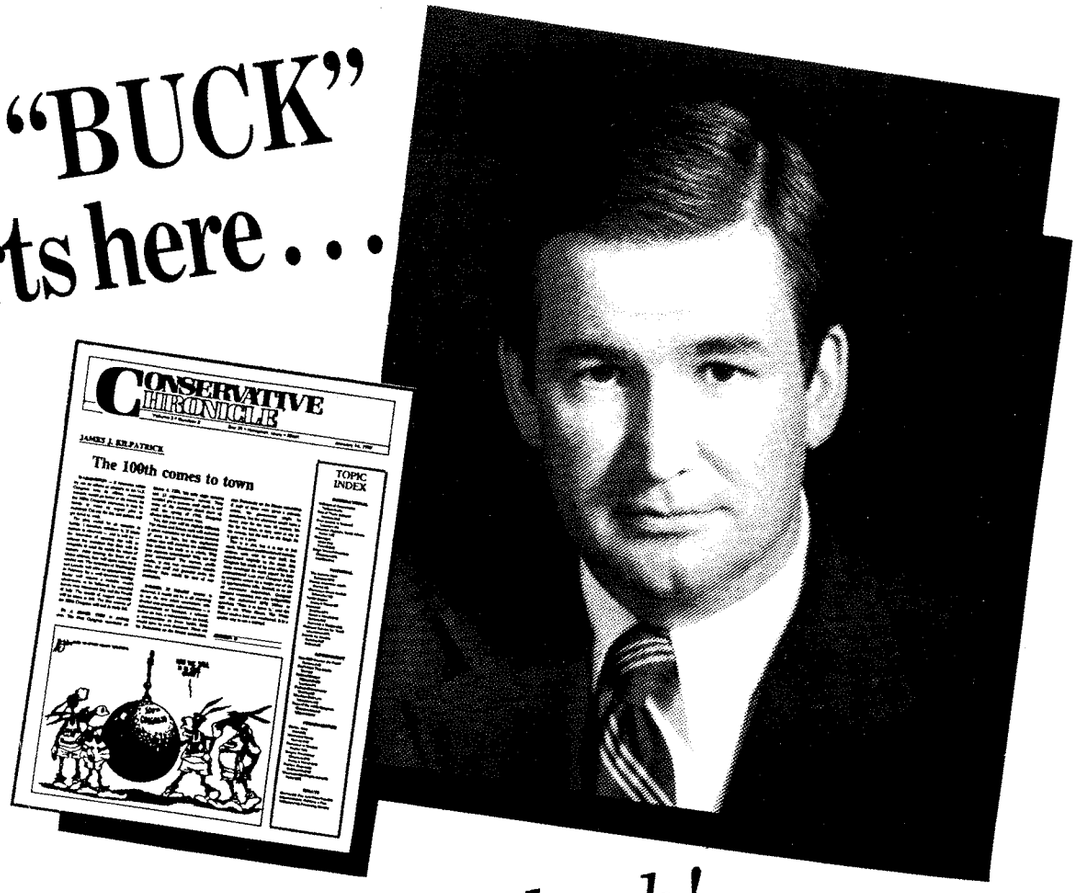

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CAPITAL BULLETINS

Mob Rule

WHAT'S AN electorally frustrated leftist to do? Bring a lawsuit, of course. Or so members of the Washington-based Christic Institute apparently decided when they filed suit against General John Singlaub, Richard Secord, Robert Owen, Adolfo Calero, and 25 others under the civil provisions of the Racketeer-Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act (RICO). Christic lawyers allege that over a 25-year period Singlaub & Company conspired to commit various illegal acts, ranging from bombing Edén Pastora's 1984 press conference at La Penca, Nicaragua, to violating the Boland Amendment. They seek $22 million in damages on behalf of Tony Avirgan, a reporter injured in the bombing.

Under RICO provisions originally designed to protect witnesses from the tender embrace of the mob, Christic attorney Danny Sheehan withheld the names of most of Christic's 79 witnesses for nine months while he went on what some would call a little fishing expedition. "None of the questions [asked by Christic in the discovery phase] relate to the La Penca bombing," says General Singlaub's lawyer, Tom Spencer. "They relate to Mr. Denby [who had been shot down in Nicaragua while supplying the resistance], Oliver North, alleged Contra drug-running, . . . everything except the La Penca bombing." Spencer notes that the witnesses he has tracked down say that "the facts Danny Sheehan is presenting are not the facts they gave in deposition." (Christic claims that its witnesses have been intimidated.)

No single witness links General Singlaub with any crime, and he has been cleared by various police and other government agencies of any wrongdoing. But, under the civil provisions of RICO, Christic need only link Singlaub with two acts of the "conspiracy" in the past ten years, and it can do so even without a prior criminal conviction. Furthermore, while in a criminal trial Christic would have to prove its charges "beyond a reasonable doubt," in civil court a lower "preponderance of the evidence" standard prevails.

"Christic seems to have come up with the idea of fundraising through litigation," says Richard Coorsh of The Friends of General Singlaub. "They come up with a conspiracy theory and try to advance it in the media—get media attention to raise funds." A spokesman for the Christic Institute confirmed that it is now receiving from $40,000 to $60,000 each week from contributions as a result of the case.

"This isn't a lawsuit, it's a political struggle," says Spencer. ". . . Congress needs to amend RICO or Christic types can jump over anyone, any issue they choose." —MARK CUNNINGHAM

Mark Cunningham is NR*'s Assistant Article Editor.*

James L. Payne's article is based on his forthcoming book, Why Nations Arm.

Brice Peyre is a freelance writer living in Westport, Connecticut.

Peter Schweizer and James S. Denton of the National Forum Foundation recently returned from a trip to Nicaragua.

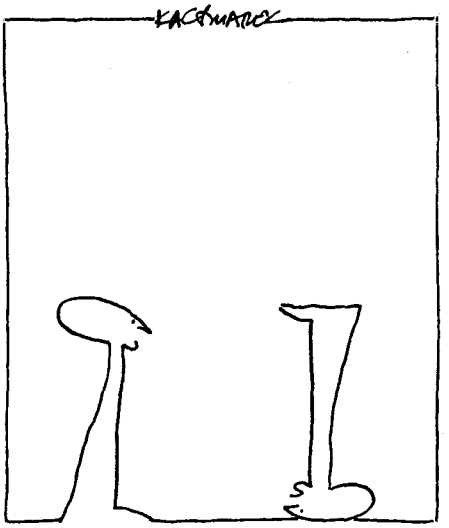
Sandalista Brigade

"I AM JUST BACK from Central America," proclaimed James Matlack last April on the steps of the Capitol as he tried to get arrested for protesting Contra aid. "I feel we have to keep faith with those who struggle." He is not alone: each year some 15,000 to 20,000 Sandalistas (a name that pays tribute to their footwear) fly south to Managua and then flock to Washington, D.C., claiming spiritual solidarity with the Nicaraguan people. But just what is life in Managua like for the Sandalistas?

Much better, we found during a recent trip, than it is for the Nicaraguans. Access to *diplotiendas* (diplomatic stores) lets Sandalistas buy cheap butter, bread, white sugar, and coffee, which ordinary Nicaraguans wait in line for five hours to get. It was at one of these stores that we met Anna from Wisconsin, wearing a bright yellow "Build Nicaragua—Don't Destroy It!" T-shirt. She had hoped to fight the Multinational Corporate Conspiracy, but was currently preoccupied with stocking up on Ritz crackers and tuna fish. Asked why she frequented a store off-limits to most Nicaraguans, she explained, "I simply can't get this stuff anywhere else." One Nicaraguan Central Bank official told us he frequently encounters Sandalistas retailing *diplotienda* goods on the black market. He finds them particularly tough negotiators when it comes to toilet paper (three rolls sell for one week's salary), popcorn, and mustard.

A number of Sandalistas have moved into Managua's most exclusive neighborhoods, which, with the Nicaraguan *córdoba* currently trading at twenty thousand to the dollar (as opposed to seven to the dollar in 1979), are well within the reach of anyone with hard (i.e., Western-capitalist) currency, especially disgruntled leftists who can't afford to rent (much less buy) a one-bedroom co-op in Manhattan. Sandalistas regard Nicaragua as "the Garden of Eden," as one Managua real-estate broker put it, because here they can live in "virtual palaces."

Sandalistas also get access to another precious commodity: gasoline. For the average Nicaraguan, the reality is a gas-ration coupon stamped with Che Guevara's mug, worth 15 gallons a month of gasoline so lousy you can



"There are so many things upside down in this country, it gives me a better perspective."

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put out a cigarette with the stuff (or so our Nicaraguan cabbie assured us). Sandalistas, though, can hog all the high-octane they want, at government gas stations, for only eight cents a gallon.

These privileges do not go unnoticed. The Nicaraguan equivalent of the word Sandalista is *pacuso*, which, roughly translated, means "smelly one." "Why do the *pacusos* have a right to be treated better in Nicaragua than the Nicaraguans?" one Nicaraguan asked us. Part of the answer is that many Sandalistas are willing to spy for the government, posing as foreign reporters with press credentials issued by the Ministry of Information. One Nicaraguan told us of being asked many questions by a member of "the press" only to learn that the impostor had handed the information to the Sandinista regime. —Peter Schweizer & James S. Denton

Teaching Tricky Dick

At a three-day session on Long Island, New York, a jury of press and professors gave their preliminary assessment in the strange case of Richard Milhous Nixon. The "Retrospective on the Nixon Presidency" held at Hofstra last November was the first major academic conference on Richard Nixon. The scholars found in Mr. Nixon's "complex" history the potential for a thriving cottage industry. They came not to bury Nixon, but to reappraise him.

In foreign affairs, détente was a big hit, but Nixon's style wasn't: his policies were "without moral content," and conceived "in a crafty atmosphere," said Kenneth Thompson of the University of Virginia. Nixon "thought on a larger scale," admitted his biographer Stephen Ambrose, but ultimately, "it was the continuation of the Vietnam War which prepared the ground and watered the seed of Watergate."

Ah yes, Watergate—a happy hunting ground for unreconstructed critics of the Nixon and subsequent GOP Administrations. Alan Westin of Columbia saw Nixon as the architect of a "totalitarian democracy" that serves as an important sociopolitical "model." A model for what? Why, of course: "Iran-Contra is like the faithful remake of a movie classic with a new set of players."

Nixon had more luck on the domestic side. Paper topics included "Outflanking the Liberals on Welfare" and "Richard Nixon Reconsidered: The Conservative as Liberal?" Nixon's main achievement? He presided over the major expansion of the welfare state, including constructing more public-housing units than any other Administration, indexing Social Security payments, and proposing a guaranteed annual income for every American. As Joan Hoff-Wilson of Indiana University pointed out, Nixon's Presidency was the first in the postwar era to record higher domestic than military spending.

The point was hammered home by Nixon domestic-policy counselor *cum* suspense writer John Ehrlichman, who drew a stark contrast between Nixon's economic activism and the "sense of almost governmental indifference to the problems of needy Americans" of the Reagan Administration. Barry Riccio of the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign summed up the scholars' verdict. Nixon, he said, was a Republican leader who demonstrated that "the party of conservatism could also be the party of innovation."

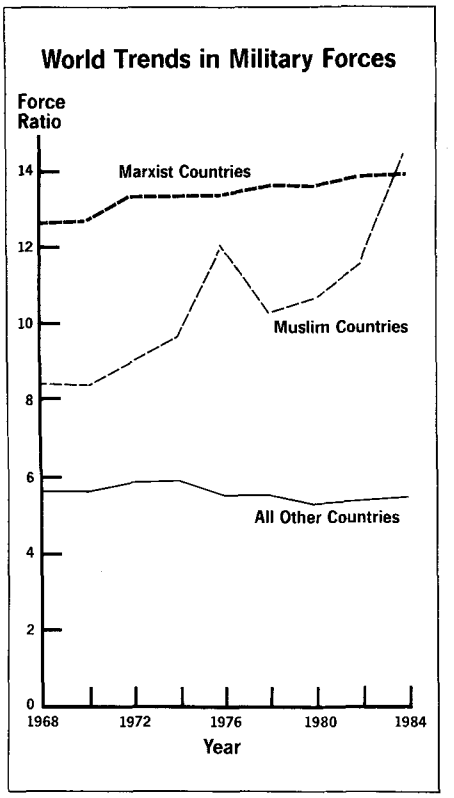
—Brice Peyre

Two Tribes of War

Despite peacenik propaganda, countries do not all acquire military forces at an equal rate; rather, a number of indicators of militarism show Marxist-Leninist regimes and Muslim nations to be the main sources of bloodshed in the world today.

The best indicator of a nation's commitment to military power is probably its "force ratio," the number of full-time regular military personnel per 1,000 population. As the graph shows, the Marxist and Muslim countries have force ratios over twice as high as those of the rest of the world.

The rate of growth of military forces tells the same story. For example, the U.S. force ratio declined from 17.9 in 1968 to 9.3 in 1986; in the same period the fraction of GNP spent on the military dropped from 9.6 to 6.3 per cent. By contrast, between 1968 and 1984 the average force ratio for Marxist countries increased 9 per cent, while Muslim nations' force ratios shot up 74 per cent. (The average for all other nations declined 4 per cent over the period.)



Based on the 116 countries independent prior to 1965 (22 Marxist, 19 Muslim, 75 others). Graph shows unweighted averages (each country given equal weight regardless of size). Data taken from *World Military Expenditures and Arms Transfers*, published by the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, various editions.

Nor do these countries let their weapons sit and gather rust. Of the 68 military clashes from 1970 to 1984, 57 involved Marxist or Muslim countries on one or both sides. Of 22 major guerrilla actions or civil wars from 1971 to 1980, 18 involved Marxist or Muslim entities on one or both sides. Clearly, these two cultures have a way of starting fights, or backing into fights, or being unable to avoid fights, that sets them apart from the rest of the world.

There are, however, important differences between the two cultures: first, Marxism is expanding, while the Muslim part of the globe has been fixed for centuries. Second, Marxists show a marked tendency to militarize countries they take over. In Cuba, for example, military forces have increased from 19,000 to 297,000 under Castro, while in Nicaragua military forces have risen from 6,000 to 67,000 under the Sandinistas. —James L. Payne

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THE RIDDLE OF JAPAN

VISITING another culture always challenges the assumptions of your own. Question: What nation is largely atheistic in practice, believes the group is more important than the individual, and distributes the wealth rather equally across 80 per cent of its society? You're probably thinking of the Soviet Union, but the real answer is—Japan.

Americans tend to attribute the Soviets' misery to their culture's lack of religion, suppression of individuality, and egalitarian distribution of capital. Yet Japanese society shares all these characteristics, and Japan is rolling. The cross-cultural experience instructs us, once again, that it is dangerous to apply assumptions imported from one experience to another.

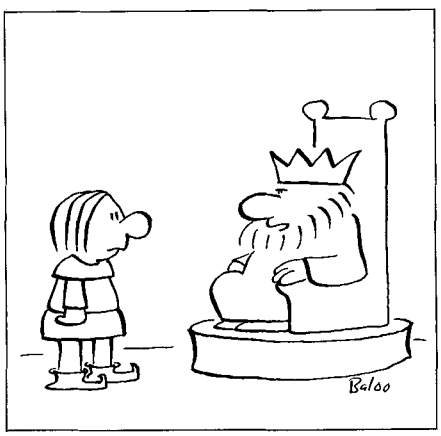
In classic Japanese culture, the individual is trained to serve society, and society exists to serve the individual. This developed in part because Japan was a rural culture organized around small villages, where privacy was not possible. That the commitment to service has survived Japan's transformation to a largely urban culture is mainly owing to the social mechanisms the Japanese use to control their society: intense private criticism, and subtle public humiliation.

I was talking to a Japanese student about Richmond Crinkley's wonderful concept of the "metroself," a concept of unending fascination for me. Crinkley, like the great sociologists before him—Durkheim, Simmel, Weber—points out that in addition to our private self, the one that eats, sleeps, feels, laughs, cries, and so on, we also have a public self—the metroself—that reflects our public role. This is the self as it is perceived by others.

Mr. Gazzaniga is a professor of neuropsychology in the neurology department and director of the Division of Cognitive Neuro-Science at Cornell University Medical College in New York City.

The student looked at me, stunned by the idea, and said, "In Japan there is *only* the metroself." I protested, but his response was emphatic. From early childhood on, the commodity that is valued by the Japanese is public status, as measured by the prestige of one's school, profession, or company. One's sense of one's place in the social hierarchy is largely determined by the groups and institutions to which one belongs. Although there is indeed great competitiveness among individuals, nonetheless personal achievement in and of itself plays only a secondary role in determining status.

This is one of the main barriers to American understanding of Japanese culture. We find it difficult to accept that, in Japan, it is large units that make decisions, not individuals, as Robert C. Christopher points out in his telling book, *The Japanese Mind.* The corollary is that once a decision has been made in any institution—whether a private company, a university, or the government—it is terribly hard for any individual, even the head of the institution, to reverse it. In our culture individuals make decisions, which bureaucracies reliably impede. In Japan, the role of decision-maker is assigned to the whole group in the first place.



"So what if I do? The poor lack compassion for me, *don't they?"*

Yet, as American society moves toward paralysis by group-think, Japanese society is moving toward the individual. Consider the changes occurring on the cancer ward. Today, as always in Japan, a patient dying of a fatal disease is not so informed by the physician. The family is told, but not the patient—even if he asks. (One of the reasons medical notes are still written in German is to protect the patient from finding out the truth, should he try to read his own chart.) The family comes and nurtures the patient, and the doctors and nurses care for him, in a way that Westerners can only envy. The Japanese citizen has worked his whole life for the community, and now the community repays him by shielding him from bad news.

BUT, IN the last few years, Westernized Japanese doctors have started to believe that it is good for the patient to express personal feelings that have long been deeply buried. One recent report indicates that doctors have taken to encouraging terminal cancer patients, with no prior training, to write *tanka*, a form of Japanese poetry. The patients resist at first, but then, to everyone's surprise, they deliver some touching and vivid poems of a highly personal nature, belying the uniform exterior aspect of the Japanese mind.

My direct experience is with the Japanese scientific community, where the conflict between public and personal selves comes to the surface in funny ways. It used to be that when a Japanese scientist made a discovery that went contrary to current dogma in the West, he would put it away in a drawer until someone in the West came upon the same finding. Then he would publish it as confirmatory. The idea of an individual con-

(Continues on page 57)

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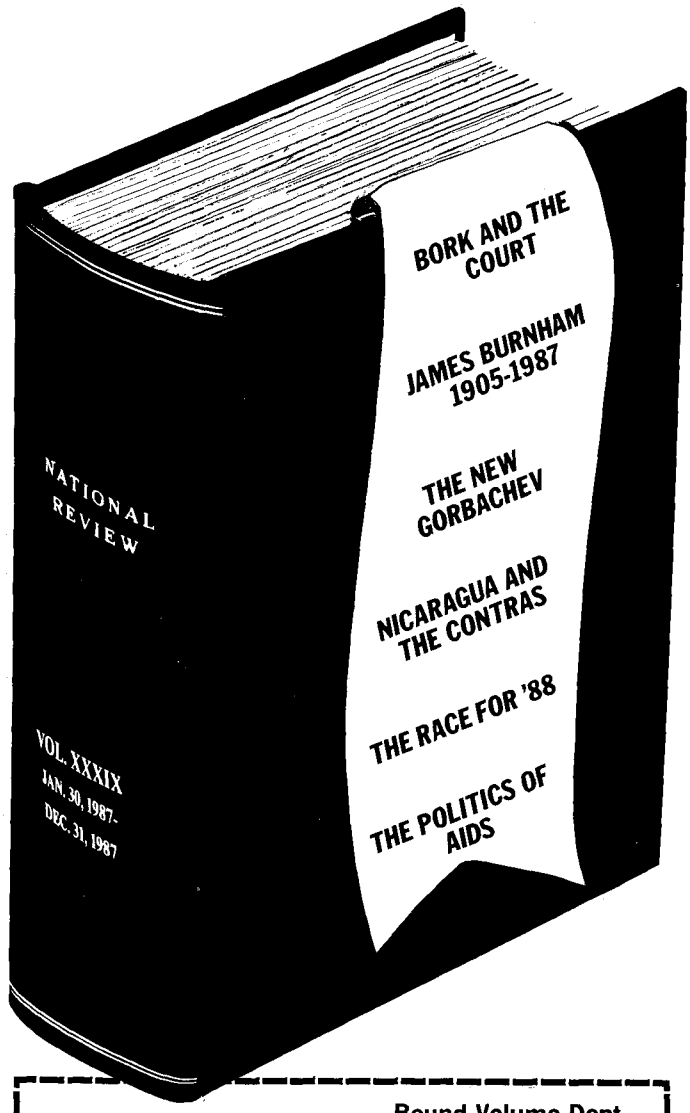

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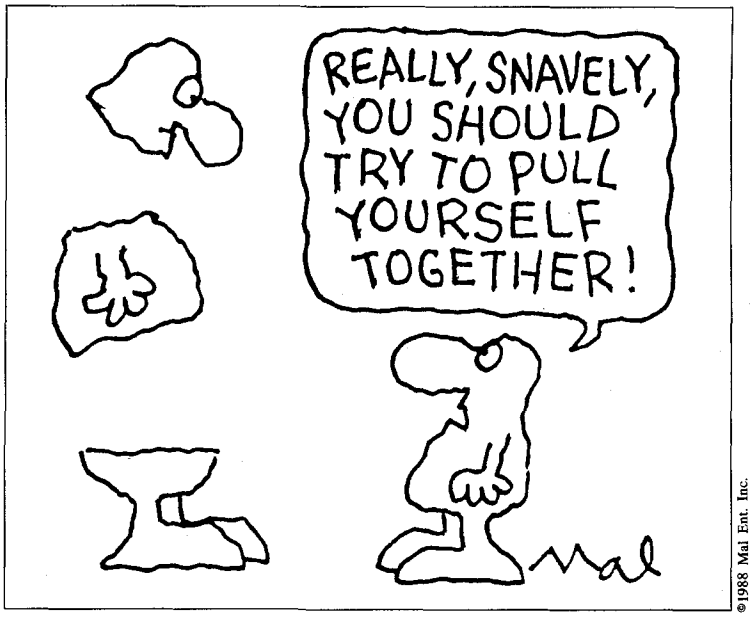

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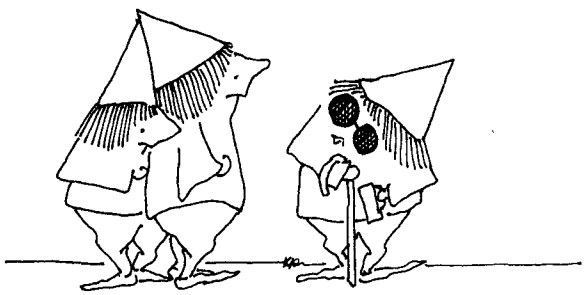

I LOOKED TOO LONG AT THE BRIGHT SIDE

Overextended in 1588

Up the Channel in a crescent,
  Spain's Armada beat its way,
Captained by a doubting soldier
  Weary warning of decay.
Water barrels, green a-building,
  Buckled as the billows rose,
Buffeting the fleet to flotsam,
  While the royal credit froze.

W. H. von Dreele

"Enough about the lost briefcase! What about the diplomat handcuffed to it?"

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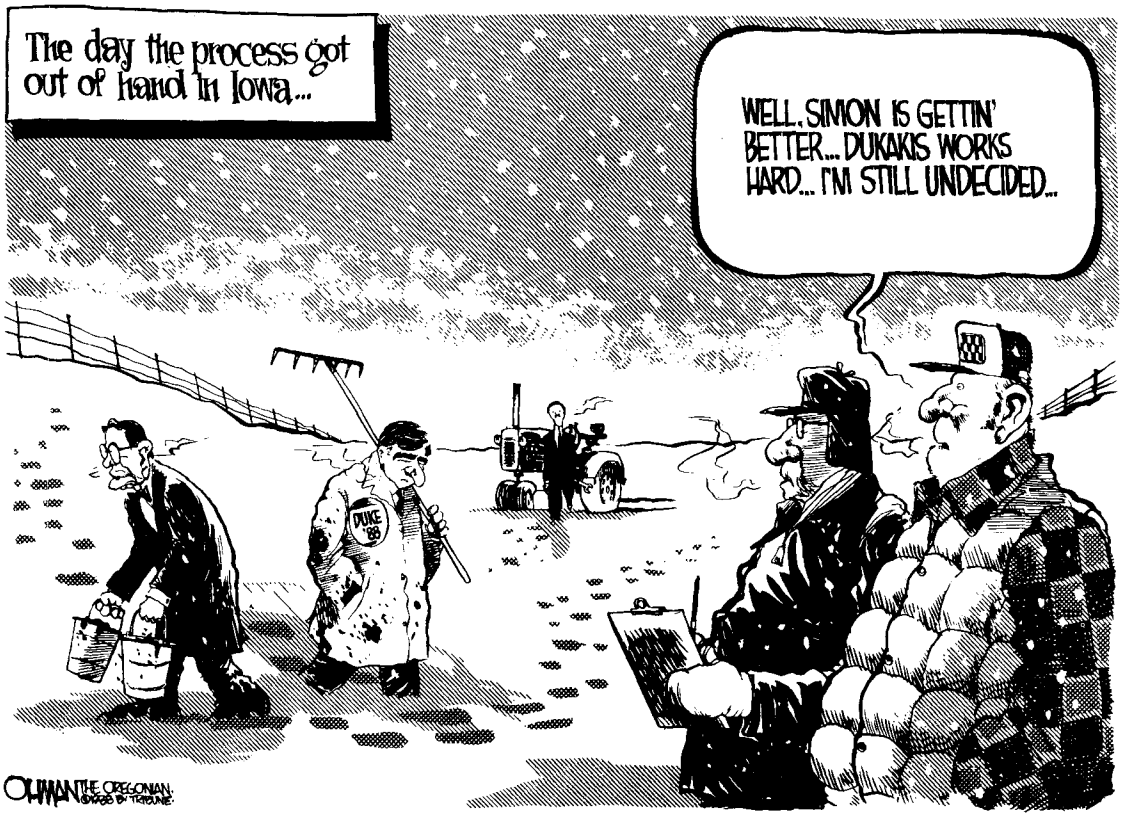
The day the process got out of hand in Iowa...
WELL, SIMON IS GETTIN' BETTER... DUKAKIS WORKS HARD... I'M STILL UNDECIDED...
DUKE '88
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GREEDY LIKE ME

THE HUMAN ZEITGEIST / DAVID BROOKS

I HAVEN'T DECIDED if I want to go out and be good before it becomes trendy or hang back and enjoy being greedy until the very last moment. Arthur Schlesinger is the one who tipped me off to the coming change of fashion. Mr. Schlesinger has divided historical eras into two categories: the virtuous ones, when his friends are allowed to run the country, and the selfish ones, when they're left to hang around PBS television studios feeling grumpy.

Mr. Schlesinger told the *New York Times* recently that we are ending a selfish era and we're all going to start being good again. *Newsweek* let the bad news drop in one of its aggressively uneducated trend stories, "The '80s Are Over: Greed Goes Out of Style." Since *Newsweek*'s and Mr. Schlesinger's virtuous eras usually involve a lot of people giving up house and career and going off to 12-hour concerts of Bergman movies adapted for banjo and harmonica, I don't know if I want to be on the cutting edge of this next social transformation.

I'm the one, after all, who was three months late in joining the malaise bandwagon in 1979. While everybody else was moping around gas lines, I was still wearing qiana shirts and searching for the perfect conch shell. On the other hand, I caught the greed wave long before it became fashionable. I'd been greedy a good six months before presidential hopeful Richard Gephardt declared, "The values of this country are selfishness and greed." And when the *Washington Post*'s Meg Greenfield made it official by writing that the Eighties have been an era of "officially sanctioned sleaziness and greed," I nudged my wife and reminded her that it is not for nothing that I am well known in parts of Manhattan as "The Human Zeitgeist."

It does bother me a bit that, though I have been the greed trendsetter, Ronald Reagan has been getting all the credit. Lance Morrow writes in *Time*, "Reagan and his Administration have established a national attitude of 'Get what you can get for yourself while you can.' A sense of values does not permeate this Administration." And *Harper's* editor Lewis Lapham says that "Reagan's triumphant plutocracy" has used Adam Smith "as an almost Biblical spokesman for unlicensed greed."

WHAT MR. GEPHARDT et al. don't appreciate is just how tough it is to be greedy these days. In the first place, you've got to figure out what the word "greedy" means.

For example, those of us who are slaves to sociological fashion are naturally tempted to become greedy Marxists, thereby making ourselves eligible for both money and tenure. But just try to get called greedy as a left-winger. I once let it be known that I was hoarding back issues of the *Journal of Didactic Lesbians*, but I couldn't get even Ralph Nader to call me greedy.

Once, I considered entering the mugging trade, which seemed like a pretty good way to be greedy without the heavy front-end capitalization that it takes to be, say, an insider trader. But nobody says that America is growing greedy when street crime is up, and you get called a racist if you so much as mention the existence of the greedy needy.

No, to be an acknowledged greedhead in America today, you have to be a capitalist, which means getting up early, finding shirts that have no buttons missing, and then spending the bulk of your time trying to find somebody to write your autobiography.

Back in the Sixties and Seventies, greed was associated with excessive consumption, with a culture (in Daniel Bell's words) "no longer concerned with how to work and achieve, but how to spend and enjoy." In the supply-side Eighties, businessmen tend to work harder and consume less lavishly. Today, according to a Korn/Ferry International study, the typical corporate executive works three hours longer each week than in 1979, and he takes almost 20 per cent fewer vacation days. Greed is now associated with excessive work, archetypally with international bankers who rise at 4:00 A.M. and have shipped billions of dollars

Mr. Brooks is book editor at the Wall Street Journal.

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off to Brazil by the time the rest of us start mangling the morning grapefruit.

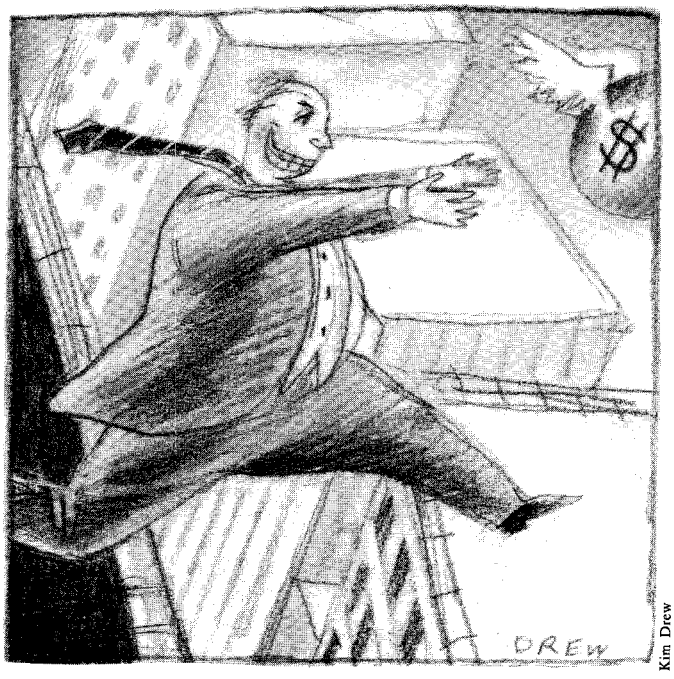
In the Fifties, greed was associated with William Whyte's Organization Man, who repressed his own individuality in order to climb the corporate ladder. Now, greed is associated with free agents, like takeover artists, or with young executives who feel little loyalty to their firms.

Also in the Fifties, greed was associated with staid, boring people who were unwilling to take risks, people so uncharismatic they couldn't get supermarket doors to open when they stepped on the mat. Now the people we call greedy are the ones we (and when I say we, I mean Meg Greenfield) feel take too many risks—speculators and arbitrageurs.

One of the sources of greed confusion in America is that the people who use the word—that is to say, Lefties—are vehement, but not very articulate. Robert Lekachman titled his 1982 book *Greed Is Not Enough: Reaganomics*, but the word "greed" does not appear in the text. In *Radical Citizenship: The New American Activism*, by David Bouchier, there is a chapter titled "The Greedy State," but the word "greed" does not appear there either. It is never defined—just wielded like a club.

Now that *Newsweek* has declared greed unfashionable, there is of course renewed interest among sound-minded people in appearing greedy. If you have attended one of my "Aid the Greediest" seminars, which end with the audience hogging the doughnuts and pocketing the coffee spoons, you know that I am the right person to clear away the miasma and explain some of the principles that will help you become greedy too.

The first principle of being greedy is that one must demonstrate a preference for prosperity over poverty, which means that while it is fine to see a certain spiritual beauty in the phrase, "In poverty, dignity," it is nevertheless necessary to think that the Democrats went too far in making this the complete text of their economic platform. Those who write about cyclical periods of greed uniformly list the 1920s, the 1950s, and the 1980s as this century's greediest eras. Now, all of these were periods of general prosperity, when the middle classes became so fantastically wealthy that they could afford to have their kids major in English at Ivy League colleges (progressives are pleased when the lower orders are accepted into elite schools, but it is considered a mite threatening when they can afford to pay their own way). The epitome of the virtuous decade, meanwhile, is the 1930s, which was a great time to be a Harvard professor, but not so hot for the rest of the country.



Kim Drew

The second principle of being greedy is that one must be extremely generous. Since 1980, when the Greeding of America began, charitable giving has increased by over 10 per cent a year, a phenomenal rate by historical standards (the Seventies, by the way, were dismal for charities). Americans between the ages of 30 and 34 (yuppies) gave on the average $500 per person to charity, more than previous generations gave at that time of their lives.

The epitome of the virtuous decade is the 1930s, which was a great time to be a Harvard professor, but not so hot for the rest of the country

One of the hallmarks of generosity in the Eighties is that it often benefits groups that despise the donors, and in this category it is corporations (and especially *multinational* corporations) that lead the way. Marvin Olasky's recent study of corporate giving found that about 70 per cent of corporate public-policy donations went to left-wing, anti-corporate organizations.

The reason corporate executives give millions of dollars to, say, a politically engaged arts organization is that they get sublime pleasure from hearing a person who enjoys two hundred sexual partners a year tell them how greedy they are.

The third principle of greed in the Eighties is that it is necessary to make money in a fashion that annoys America's financial virgins. This group is made up of comfortable elders who, having arrived at a settled station in life, suddenly notice that their own financial holdings become more and more wholesome as the years spent hustling for them fade into the past. Much as prepubescents tend to find the act of lovemaking distasteful and frightening, the financial virgin finds the act of moneymaking "yucky."

With the last payment on the mortgage comes the full flowering of the financial virgin and, with it, an epiphany. People should be more spiritual, the virgin declares: only greedy people worry about money, such as that acquisitive young couple with the noisy kids trying to build the house down the street.

Today's financial virgins have produced a plethora of books such as John Brooks's *The Takeover Game*, articles such as Myron Magnet's "The Decline & Fall of Business Ethics" (*Fortune*), and movies such as Oliver Stone's *Wall*

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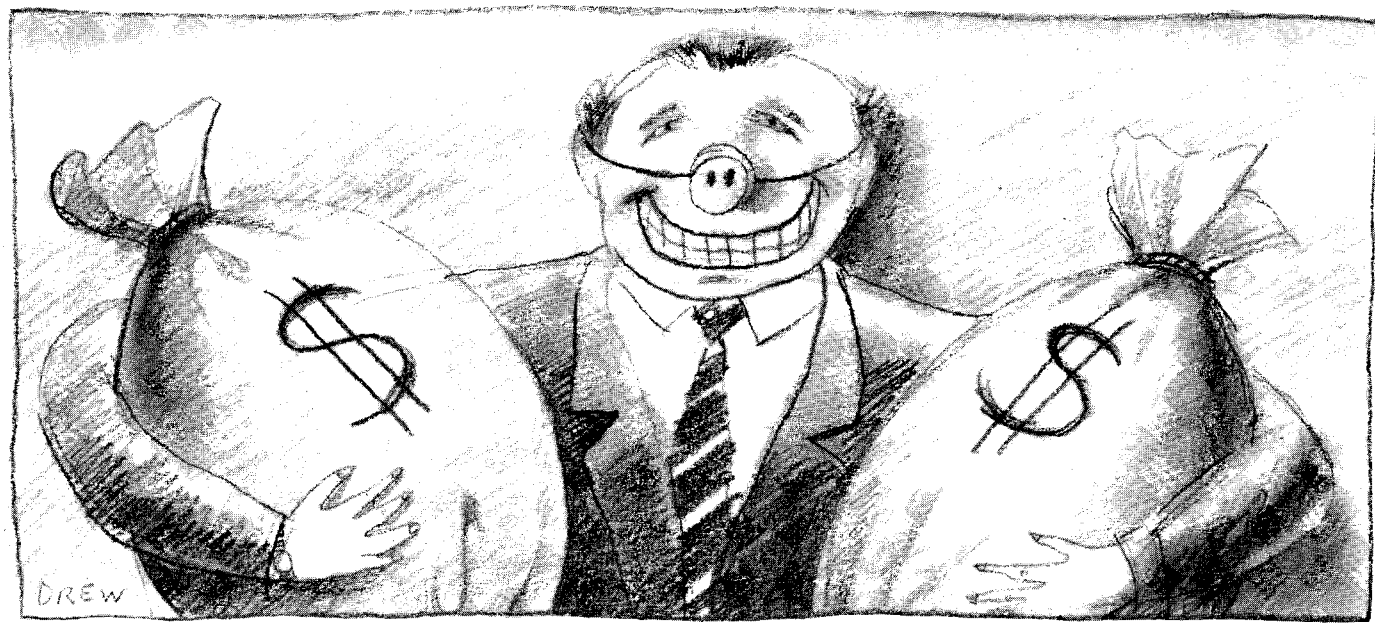

Kim Drew

Street, which mourn the passing of Wall Street's genteel Old Boy Network.

Absorbing these accounts, I found it fascinating to learn that while today's yuppies are brash, unprincipled, and greedy, the old-fashioned businessmen in days of yore made millions by walking grandmothers across the street and taking orphans out to ballgames on Sundays.

One way to get a financial virgin squealing about greed is to threaten that top management job he's settled into. There were nearly twice as many mergers and acquisitions in 1969 (6,107) as there were in 1985, but nobody raised much of a fuss. That is because the M&A activity was mostly huge corporations swallowing smaller firms. As late as 1975, there was only one takeover transaction worth $500 million or more. Established corporate managers had little to worry about.

Apparently businessmen in days of yore made millions by walking grandmothers across the street and taking orphans out to ballgames

Over the last decade that has changed. By 1980, there had been 15 takeovers worth over $500 million, and many were hostile. In the first half of this decade, 62 Fortune 500 firms were taken over. In 1984, there were the Chevron-Gulf merger and the Mobil and Superior Oil deal. In 1985, Philip Morris acquired General Foods, and GE took over RCA. Mustering the moral indignation that is most perfectly voiced by the commercially incompetent, many entrenched managers declared that they were disgusted, simply disgusted, to observe certain businessmen —T. Boone Pickens, Carl Icahn, Sir James Goldsmith— actually trying to make money.

The first and most important principle for the would-be greedy is, Don't be greedy. Which is the same as saying, Be self-interested.

American progressives, a group made up mainly of people who nominated themselves "most likely to be beatified" in their high-school yearbooks, have launched a campaign to eradicate self-interest from the globe, claiming modestly to lead by example. Walter Mondale declared, "I would rather lose an election about decency than win one about self-interest," the evening before America granted his wish. Ever since, to get the progressives agitated about your greed it has become necessary to be self-interested, and sometimes this involves the drastic step of not going broke. The mythic yuppie again serves as our model.

Progressives greeted the crash of 1987 with the gleeful laugh of the hyena, certain that there would soon be plenty of good yuppie-meat to feed on. "In many cases," psychologist Gerald Davison told *Newsweek* just after Black Monday, "we're talking about people whose entire lives are organized around having lots of money. . . . For [them], such chaos will have tremendous psychological dislocations."

Well, the yuppies were too self-interested for the greed-busters: young brokers had diversified their holdings and their reasons for living, and the crash (alas) did not create a heap of broken lives. Even the massive layoffs by brokerage houses did not wreak mental havoc. "It's been remarkable," the Harvard-affiliated psychiatrist Dr. Edward Hallowell acknowledged recently in *Fortune*. "I thought a lot of people would be freaking out." The most-often-heard remark of the post-crash era was, "It's only money." Hallowell found it "very heartening. People seem to have a more even hand on their feelings about money than I had thought."

In sum, if you engage in any commercial enterprise, and if you are relatively successful, or at any rate more successful than your average associate professor of sociology, it is likely that you may be called greedy by some of your anti-capitalist friends. As a member of the fashionably greedy myself, I can only tell you that it is a very rewarding feeling and well worth all the trouble it takes to achieve it. □

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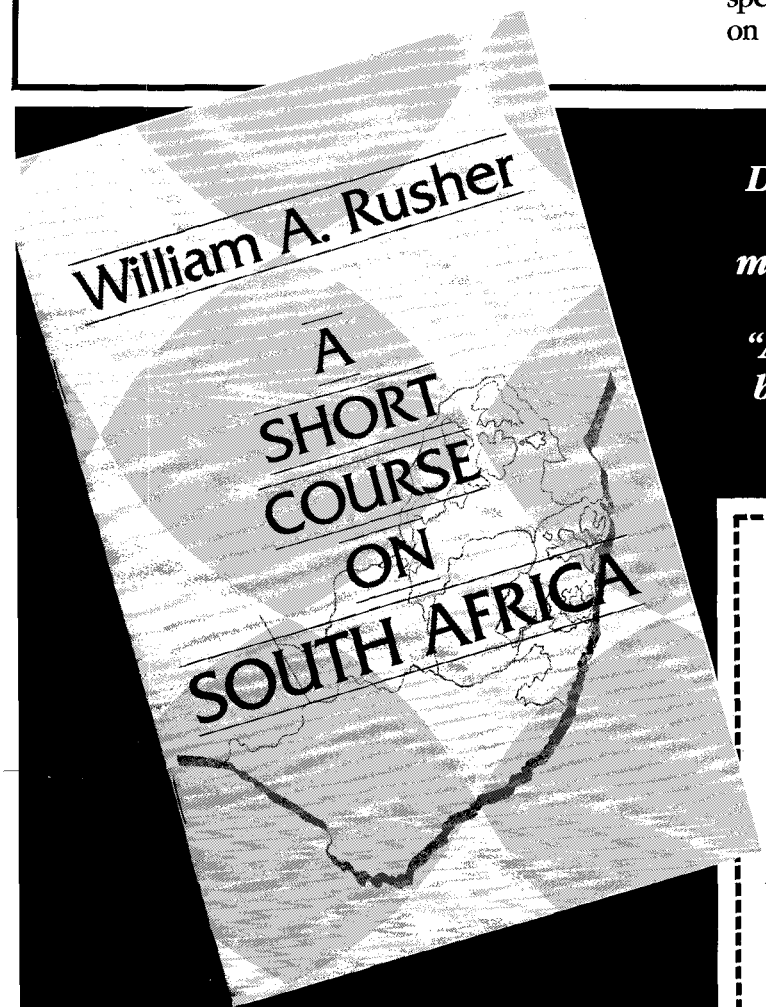

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JUDGE BORK'S MISTAKE

WHEN Judge Robert Bork's enemies targeted his nomination to the Supreme Court, they were hoping to stifle not just one man, but a whole way of thinking about the Constitution. In stepping off the federal bench, therefore, Judge Bork has offered not just his resignation, but an invitation to continue the intellectual debate over original-intent jurisprudence.

I hope that Judge Bork, in his preoccupation with his enemies on the Left, will not back off from confronting his far more profound differences with his friends on the Right. I was a staunch supporter of the Bork nomination. As evidence of my good faith, let me say that I sent $25 to the RNC to help pay for ads endorsing Bork, as well as giving permission to publish my name as a Bork supporter.

Nevertheless, I believe that the defects I have all along perceived in Judge Bork's jurisprudence are at the heart of the difficulties his nomination encountered. They are moreover the endemic defects of present-day conservative jurisprudence, as expounded by Chief Justice Rehnquist and Attorney General Meese, no less than by Judge Bork.

The very heart and center of that jurisprudence is the doctrine that the Constitution must be interpreted in the light of its "original intent." But the "mainstream" conservative conception of what constitutes original intent is a latter-day invention, a mere analytical tool for deciding cases a certain way. What it is not is an attempt to understand those who framed and those who ratified the Constitution as they understood themselves.

In the Spring 1987 *University of Puget Sound Law Review*, I published a monograph entitled "What Were the 'Original Intentions' of the Framers of the Constitution of the United States?" in which I argued that the original intentions of the framers (or the ratifiers) of the Constitution of 1787 were indissolubly connected with the philosophy of natural rights and natural law expressed in the Declaration of Independence. In his famous letter to Henry Lee in May of 1825, Jefferson called the Declaration "an expression of the American mind." In that same year Jefferson asked Madison for a list of books or documents that the faculty of law at the new University of Virginia should be required to look to for the *norma docendi*, the instructional principles, of constitutional law. Madison's reply, which Jefferson incorporated in a letter to the Board of Visitors of the University (of which he was President), was that the "first" of the "best guides" to the principles of the constitutions both of Virginia and of the United States was "the Declaration of Independence, as the fundamental act of union of these states."

The Declaration of Independence was, however, only the most concise and powerful of the many expressions of "the American mind" throughout the Revolutionary and Founding period. The Declaration, according to Madison and Jefferson, was not only an act of separation from Great Britain. It was also a combination of the 13 states, one with another, into one people and one nation. Madison's and Jefferson's words are the living refutation of the claim, made by the seceding states in 1860 and 1861, that the Declaration established the independence of the 13 states, not only from Great Britain, but from each other.

By calling the Declaration of Independence the repository of the principles of the Constitution, Madison implied that the *compromises* of the Constitution were to be distinguished from the *principles* of the Constitution. This distinction, which is not to be found in the text of the Constitution itself, is not recognized by the "original intent" jurisprudence of Judge Bork. Because he tries to find the "intent" of the Constitution solely in the text of the Constitution, his method of interpretation is fundamentally flawed.

MADISON'S constitutionalism—unlike Judge Bork's—was one in which jurisprudence was firmly grounded in a systematic moral and political philosophy. One of Judge Bork's greatest difficulties in the Judiciary Committee hearings was with the question of the constitutional right to privacy. This right Justice Douglas had discovered (in the *Griswold* case) among "penumbras formed by emanations" of the Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Ninth Amendments.

Douglas's imaginative phraseology has been the subject of much hilarity among conservative jurists—to which I myself have contributed on occasion. But Douglas did not sound foolish when he spoke of what was inherent in the relationship of husband and wife. "We deal with a right of privacy older than the Bill of Rights . . . Marriage is a coming together for better or worse, hopefully enduring, and intimate to the degree of being sacred . . ." To Judge Bork, these words, however eloquent, were judicially irrelevant: he could not find the right

Mr. Jaffa is Henry Salvatori Research Professor of Political Philosophy at Claremont-McKenna College and Claremont Graduate School.

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to privacy in the text of the Constitution. To average citizens, however—and to the senators who represented them—there was something narrow and crabbed in Bork's jurisprudence. They could not understand how he could let stand a statute forbidding married couples the use of contraceptives.

Attorney General Meese, in a speech in St. Louis (September 12, 1986), echoed Bork in praising Justice Black's dissent in *Griswold*. The heart of Black's argument, according to the Attorney General, is as follows:

> There is no provision in our Constitution which either expressly or impliedly vests power in this Court to sit as a supervisory agency over acts of duly constituted bodies and set aside laws because of the Court's belief that the legislative policies are unreasonable, unwise, arbitrary, or irrational.

But this position is not tenable in the light of the actual thought of the Founding Fathers. Government by "reflection and choice" as opposed to "accident and force" was essential to the very idea of constitutionalism, as it was set forth by Alexander Hamilton in the first *Federalist*. Protection against the tyranny of the majority—at every level of government—runs through all the political writings of the Founding period.

Judge Bork rejected the idea of a right to privacy by asking if it encompassed the right to incest, cocaine use, or sodomy. But every "right" of this kind is understood to function only within reasonable limitations: free speech does not encompass the right falsely to shout fire in a crowded theater, nor does it entitle one to scream obscenities in public, or to incite to crime, or to conspire to fix prices. The free exercise of religion does not encompass the right to practice polygamy, or suttee, or the handling of poisonous snakes in a worship service. In asking, "Where in the text of the Constitution do we find a right of privacy?" Judge Bork was asking the wrong question. The question he should have asked is, "Where among the powers delegated either to the states, or to the United States, is the power to pass such a law as the Connecticut law forbidding the use of contraceptives?"

Judge Bork could have held, as he did hold, that there is no constitutional right to privacy as such. But he could also have held that, under the theory of limited government that underlies the whole Constitution, any invasion of privacy by government demands the most intense form of "heightened scrutiny." The burden of proof for the justification of an invasion of privacy—certainly any invasion in the area of marital relations—lies with government. Judge Bork could have held that the Connecticut law failed that test.

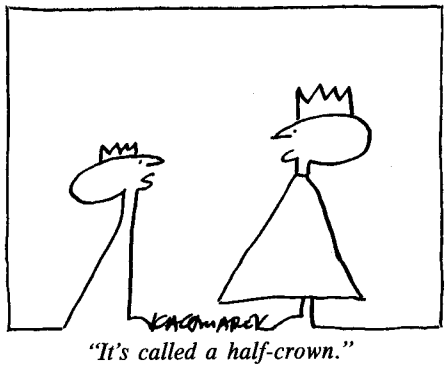
It is no derogation of the principle of majority rule by elected legislatures to find that a legislature is exercising a power that has not been granted to it by the people. For an unelected branch of government to limit the power of an elected branch in this way is not to intrude upon the authority of the people, but to protect that authority from usurpation. In the words of Thomas Jefferson, "It was not an elective despotism we fought for."

When Mr. Meese argued that a law ought not to be regarded as unconstitutional because it was "arbitrary or irrational," he argued against the political philosophy of the Founding. Once again, we quote Jefferson.

> All too will bear in mind this sacred principle that though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will to be rightful must be *reasonable*, that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal law must protect, and to violate would be oppression.

Mr. Meese—and Judge Bork—are trying to prevent the Court from acting in a manner they deem "arbitrary or irrational." But they do not argue against the constitutionality of arbitrariness or irrationality in government as such, but rather, that in a popular government only legislatures have the right to be arbitrary or irrational.

In his celebrated 1984 lecture on "Tradition and Morality in Constitutional Law" Judge Bork went a long way toward suggesting that there are no non-arbitrary and rational standards underlying the Constitution as such. ". . . constitutional law," he wrote, "has very little theory of its own and hence is almost pathologically lacking in immune defenses . . ." He wrote of a "theoretical emptiness" that "at its center makes . . . constitutional law unstable, a ship with a great deal of sail but a very shallow keel . . ."



"It's called a half-crown."

HE COULD not have written these words without being oblivious to what Madison and Jefferson had said and written. Judge Bork also writes that "judges have no mandate to govern in the name of contractarian or utilitarian or what-have-you philosophy rather than according to the historical Constitution." But "the historical Constitution" *is* grounded upon a particular "contractarian" philosophy. No aphorism is more familiar, among the writings of James Madison, the Father of the Constitution, than that "compact [viz., contract] is the basis of all free government." What in the world does the proposition "that all men are created equal" mean, except that (in the words of the Massachusetts Bill of Rights) "The body politic is [a social compact] formed by a voluntary association of individuals"? How in the world can the "just powers of government" be derived "from the consent of the governed" except by an actual or implied contractual relationship defining and limiting the powers of government?

Judge Bork betrays a Calhounian antagonism to the Declaration of Independence when he denounces the "abstract, universalistic style of legal thought." Our "actual institutions," he writes, "are designed to achieve compromise, to slow change, to dilute absolutisms. They embody wholesome inconsistencies." But the compromise on slavery in the Constitution of 1787, however necessary, was not in itself wholesome. By the "abstractions of moral philosophy," viz., the abstractions of the Declaration of Independence, slavery is condemned. That condemnation of slavery is more truly indicative of the "original intentions" of the Constitution than any words of the Constitution itself. Judge Bork's attack on "abstractions," in the name of "history," itself goes against the grain of genuine history. □

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INF: INVITATION TO CHEAT?

AMONG THE key questions to be debated by the Senate during its hearings on the INF treaty are the related issues of verification and compliance. The Administration has expressed pride in the fact that the INF treaty contains the most extensive and comprehensive verification regimen ever agreed to by the Soviets. Unfortunately, the nature of this treaty may actually encourage the Soviet Union to violate its terms.

The list of previous Soviet arms-control violations is long and includes breaches of SALT I, SALT II, and the ABM treaty. The President has reported to Congress on no fewer than seven occasions that Soviet violations continue. In his March 1987 report to Congress on Soviet non-compliance, President Reagan declared, "Compliance with past arms-control commitments is an essential prerequisite for future arms-control agreements." Yet the INF agreement was signed in spite of the President's certification, expressed in the same report, that "the Soviet Union has failed to correct its non-compliant activities; neither [has it] provided explanations sufficient to alleviate our concerns on other compliance issues." The President's independent General Advisory Committee on Arms Control and Disarmament concluded in 1984 that not only was the pattern of Soviet arms-control violations expanding, but the Soviets actually signed agreements with the intention of violating them. Administration spokesmen, however, have never publicly come to terms with the troubling possibility that this was the Soviets' intent in signing the INF treaty. Nor is the issue addressed in the President's December report on Soviet non-compliance, which notes perfunctorily that "a double standard of compliance with arms-control obligations is unacceptable."

The United States has never satisfactorily resolved the issue of how to respond to Soviet violations. Previous Administrations ignored, downplayed, or dismissed the problem. During the Reagan Administration, officials have drawn attention to it, but have taken no action. This Administration has proposed no new strategic programs to offset the deleterious effects of Soviet cheating, and, in fact, it seeks to defer for at least seven years the right to withdraw from the ABM treaty. Congress remains ill-disposed toward defense programs that would exceed the unratified and expired SALT II limits, and favors strict U.S. adherence to the ABM treaty.

WHEN ASKED how Soviet compliance with any arms-control accord will be guaranteed, U.S. officials invariably answer that the United States will not accept a treaty that is unverifiable. Such a response begs the question. Better verification procedures only make it more likely that we will know when the Soviets cheat. Then what?

Unlike the SALT agreements, which dealt with strategic forces on both sides, the INF treaty deals with systems that are small, mobile, and easy to conceal, even in the face of on-site inspections. This gives the Soviets a big incentive to cheat, surreptitiously deploying covertly produced missiles at a time of crisis.

It would be easy to do so within the vast expanse of Soviet or Soviet-controlled territory, especially since the United States does not even know how many SS-20s the Soviets have produced. Discrepancies between the number of intermediate-range nuclear missiles the Soviets told us they have and the number that U.S. intelligence agencies estimate they have suggest either that the U.S. can't accurately verify Soviet intermediate-range-weapons totals, or that the Soviets are lying. Neither possibility is reassuring.

Unlike SALT, the emerging INF agreement directly involves the security of our European Allies. Any response to Soviet cheating involving the deployment or redeployment of countervailing forces in Europe would need to be an Allied decision, not an American one. Allied reservations over the removal of U.S. intermediate-range weapons notwithstanding, redeployment of these systems seems politically almost impossible. And given the Allies' historical reluctance to upset the arms-control apple cart, an effective alternative response would be difficult to achieve.

The United States must work with its Allies to help them do so. Response options or "safeguards" against Soviet cheating must be set up. For example, if the Kremlin violates the INF treaty the Allies could decide to deploy a weapon originally intended to counter Soviet conventional-force superiority but later abandoned for political reasons—the enhanced-radiation warhead or "neutron bomb."

An agreement to deploy an anti-tactical-ballistic-missile defense (ATBM) system is another, perhaps preferable, option. Such a defense is technically feasible, would protect Europe from both nuclear and non-nuclear ballistic-missile attack, would not rely upon Soviet treaty compliance, and would add to the West's operational knowledge of strategic-defense possibilities.

Without such agreed safeguards as part of a comprehensive policy, the INF treaty will be an exercise in self-deception. If the West is not to find itself in a dangerously weak and exposed position, there must be a clearly spelled-out cost to the Soviets for cheating—a cost that would be exacted with the full backing of the NATO Alliance. □

Mr. Trachtenberg is Senior Defense Analyst for the Committee on the Present Danger in Washington, D.C.

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SOUTH AFRICA AND FREE ENTERPRISE

IT IS IRONIC that many countries ostensibly dedicated to the cause of freedom are doing their level best to destroy free enterprise in South Africa, by their unthinking imposition of economic sanctions. Luckily they have not quite succeeded, and their ally, the Communist-dominated African National Congress (ANC), is no longer doing so well.

The government in Pretoria, meanwhile, has been trying very hard to speed up the growth of a black middle class. This has a dual purpose: to increase the number of well-heeled consumers who not only produce but *buy* goods, and to foster a class of property-owning blacks who would be resistant to revolutionary slogans.

Thanks to the fact that so many English-speaking South Africans voted for the (largely Afrikaner) National Party last time around, the present government has a comfortable enough majority in parliament that it can enact real reforms, not just cosmetic changes. De facto apartheid is withering away, and, on the purely economic front, the living standards of South African blacks have risen dramatically in recent years (while, owing to heavy taxation, the living standards of whites have leveled off).

If the government and the majority of the white population have made every effort to help the incipient black middle class, it is not least because in so doing they make the entire country richer. Everyone comes out ahead. (Everyone, that is, except the ANC, which has declared that a black bourgeoisie would be nothing more than a tool of the white bourgeoisie.) Several agencies, run by the government and funded by the South African business community, have been given the specific task of helping blacks make the transition. One such agency, the Small Business Development Corporation, gives credit and makes loans to blacks involved in existing or planned commercial enterprises. Parallel efforts have likewise been undertaken by the blacks themselves. The Reverend John Gogotya, for example, in the Cape Province, recently founded the Federal Democratic Party, dedicated to organic political evolution and non-violence, as well as the Organization for Advancement and Upgrading, which promotes education, industriousness, and social ambition among blacks. In Natal Province, Zulu Chief Buthelezi's Inkatha Movement has similar aims.

The new opportunities have not been lost on the country's blacks. Many South African blacks, it turns out, have a real knack for business, as well as a keen appreciation of the good things in life. And as barriers to material prosperity have fallen, so too have most of the barriers erected by apartheid: all the universities, the best hotels, the best restaurants have opened their doors to blacks. (Public schools, admittedly, are still segregated; private schools, mostly controlled by the churches, are integrated.)

What most impressed me on my latest trip, though, were the budding shantytown trading posts. In the slums of Soweto, near Johannesburg, and in Khayelitsha, near Crossroads, small shops appear overnight as black squatters make the most of every opportunity they get to do business, legally or otherwise. The racially mixed South Africans ("coloureds") have done at least as well. Mitchell Plains, for instance, a coloured district near Capetown, is a bustling place with a cheerful, vaguely Italian atmosphere, elegantly dressed women, nice shops, arcades, and fountains.

Blacks are also making their way in white enterprises. In the mining, steel, and iron industries, however, their progress has been repeatedly blocked by the white trade unions. This is not surprising: the trade unions, afraid of black competition, were the main advocates of apartheid during the 1920s under the leadership of Bill Andrews. Andrews ended up as the General Secretary of the South African Communist Party, and, in the violent demonstrations that shook Johannesburg sixty-odd years ago, demonstrators carried banners inscribed with the words, "Workers of the world, unite to keep South Africa white!"

Big business, by contrast, is traditionally color-blind. White enterprises have opened their doors to black employees—and not just as typists and secretaries. In the Development Bank of Southern Africa, a vast outfit active in various southern African countries, I met John September, a black junior executive who had studied in Switzerland, worked in a Swiss bank, and married a Frenchwoman. Before accepting his present position back home in South Africa, he insisted that his wife would not like to live in Soweto, not even in its elegant section, where one finds the villas of Archbishop Tutu and Winnie Mandela. So the Septembers live in a pleasant white neighborhood, are socially accepted by many of their neighbors, and send their children to an integrated school. Thanks to his mastery of four languages, September is frequently sent to Europe by his firm.

THE UNITED STATES' racial experience has almost nothing in common with South Africa's. It is this fact that makes one hopeful that South Africa will be able to dismantle apartheid gradually, and with a minimum of violence and bloodshed. And as for people like His Grace, the Nobel Prize-winning Episcopal Archbishop of Johannesburg—people who want change *now*, at whatever price—the comment I heard from a black pastor in the Low German Reformed Church was brief and to the point: "Tutu—for me this is a four-letter word." □

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LIBERALISM WITHOUT BLUSHES

Joseph Sobran

The End of the Conservative Era: Liberalism after Reagan, by Robert S. McElvaine (Arbor House, 336 pp., $18.95)

I READ *The End of the Conservative Era*, by Robert McElvaine, with amazement. I didn't know it was possible to sustain such a level of utter moral complacency.

McElvaine, a historian by profession, is an unabashed liberal. Liberalism means "community values," as opposed to "egoistic individualism," the essence of conservatism. You see, "As a liberal era wanes, cynicism displaces idealism, pessimism takes the place of optimism, and self-centeredness arises where a spirit of self-sacrifice had prevailed." That's when you get a President like Reagan, you know—when people are "committed to the 'me-generation' philosophy." But today, happily, "the American people may well be poised on the edge of a new age of liberalism."

"There is among the American people a latent liberalism, a sense of compassion and sensitivity that is periodically submerged, but that eventually works its way back to the surface."

"What has changed is the name of the party of white supremacy. It used to be called 'Democratic'; today its name is 'Republican.'"

"The Reaganites . . . have always seen the Federal Government as an enemy. Moreover, their philosophy holds that each person should be out to help himself and not worry much about the general good. It is natural that people with such beliefs would be more likely to become involved in corruption."

"The essential Judaeo-Christian values are, after all, liberal values."

"Conservative periods in our history have generally witnessed an increase in racial intolerance."

"The majority of self-proclaimed patriots are people who are, unknowingly, far more 'un-American' than those they attack."

Are you starting to get the idea? In the view of Robert S. McElvaine, historian, liberalism is *good*, conservatism *bad*. (Of course there is the obligatory passage on how few "genuine conservatives" there are nowadays.)

Professor McElvaine never blushes, even while citing some of the more dubious characters in American politics as moral authorities. "Right now we're in a period of self-centeredness in which those who have been reasonably successful comfort themselves with the thought that this is because they've applied themselves, not because they've been fortunate or lucky." Thank you, Jim Wright. "People are essentially decent. If you can get across the needs and the remedies to the American people, they'll act." Thank you, Ted Kennedy. Also quoted respectfully are Joe Biden, Mario Cuomo, Jesse Jackson, and Barney Frank. All agree that the Reagan era has turned loose the most rascally forces in America.

McElvaine predicts "a striking revival of liberalism," though he thinks it won't come under "the unpopular name 'liberal.' Another label is needed," and he proposes "New Progressivism." Liberalism will be *tremendously* popular (as long as it wears false whiskers). How can he be so sure? Partly because he adopts the cyclical theory of his fellow historian Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., according to which we're about due for another wave of reformist idealism, and partly because he follows rock music and goes to a lot of movies: two of the book's nine chapters survey rock lyrics and recent Hollywood themes as harbingers of New Progressivism.

The End of the Conservative Era deserves some sort of award for self-deception and self-congratulation. After so many anti-liberal landslide presidential elections, you'd think a historian might catch on that it isn't just the *name* "liberal" that's unpopular: it's the thing itself. McElvaine shows not the slightest disposition to reflect on this fact. He doesn't define liberalism: he merely equates it with every virtue and assumes that the equation is beyond controversy. That leaves conservatism with all the vices.

McElvaine's earnest smugness gets almost funny by the time he forecasts "the Springsteen Coalition" on the basis of his interpretation of pop music.

Maggie Gallagher is NR's Article Editor.

David Klinghoffer is NR's Assistant Book Editor.

Loxley F. Nichols teaches English at Loyola University in Baltimore.

James W. Tuttleton teaches English at New York University.

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You'd have to read *Rolling Stone* to find kiddie culture given a comparably solemn treatment. But even *Rolling Stone* wouldn't deem it politically portentous that "reruns of *The Monkees* became a television hit with a new generation of teenagers in 1986."

Some people lapse wearily into cliché, but McElvaine has a positive zest for it. He seems to find reassurance in the stale phrase and the trite moralism, as if repetition could certify the bogus insight as authentic. Very typical of liberals. So is the coy label-switching. So is the presumption that anything that can be called "right-wing" needn't be given the dignity of serious criticism.

This book bears the endorsement of Mario Cuomo ("necessary reading") and Robert Lekachman ("excellent"). Maybe it will enjoy some sort of vogue. Cuomo's enthusiasm probably means he intends to take pointers from it in the years ahead; I expect he'll shun the word "liberal" and stud his speeches with lines from Bruce Springsteen records.

Anyway, if the word "historian" conjures up for you a picture of a man with a feeling for the contingency of events, with a sense of irony and detachment from current enthusiasms, reluctant to make rash predictions about the future, too impartial to impute monopolies of good qualities to one side or the other in any historical controversy, well, meet Robert S. McElvaine. □

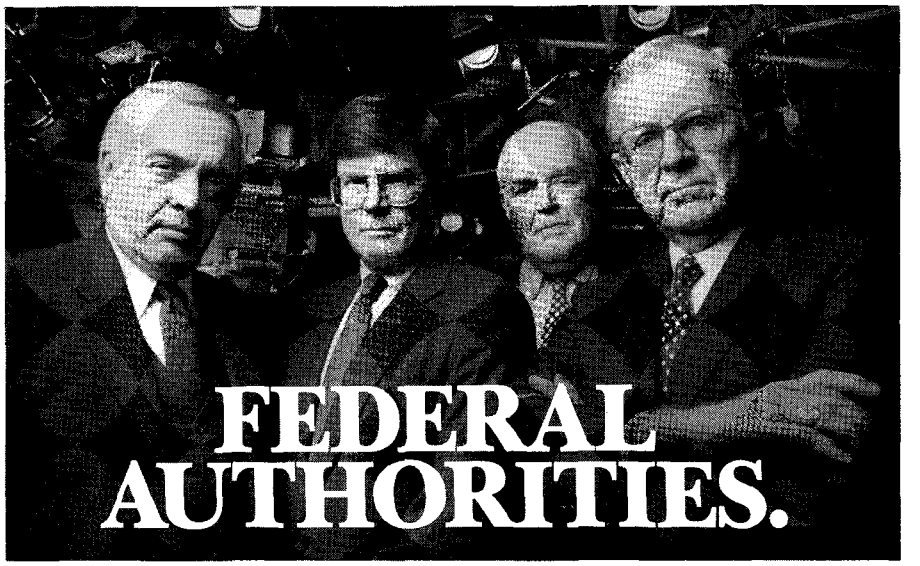
TWICE AS TRULY DECADENT

David Klinghoffer

Twice as Less, by Eleanor Wilson Orr (Norton, 240 pp., $15.95)

The Truly Disadvantaged: The Inner City, the Underclass, and Public Policy, by William Julius Wilson (Chicago, 254 pp., $19.95)

THE DEBATE over the black underclass is only now recovering from the reaction to Daniel Patrick Moynihan's *The Black Family*. Published in 1965, Moynihan's book was an early, frank attempt to show the connection between black poverty and the dissolving black family. There were charges



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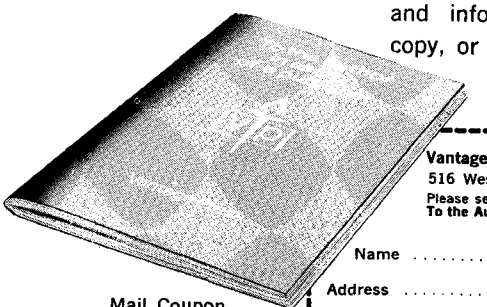

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LEFT OVER FROM JANUARY: In *The Thirteenth Man: A Reagan Cabinet Memoir* (Free Press, $19.95), Terrel H. Bell, formerly Secretary of Education, tells his side of the story of four years of battles, many of them with members of his own department.

☐ MORE FEBRUARY TITLES: In *The Shroud and the Grail: A Modern Quest for the True Grail* (St. Martin's, $19.95), Noel Currer-Briggs argues that the Shroud of Turin "has existed for at least a thousand years, [and] that it is the same object with which the Holy Grail was so intimately linked in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries"; and suggests that the Grail may actually have been the receptacle in which the Shroud reposed.

Pat Robertson: A Personal, Political, and Religious Portrait (Harper & Row, $15.95), by David Edwin Harrell Jr. (chairman of the history department at the University of Alabama and author of *Oral Roberts: An American Life*), is essentially a study of Robertson's religious sensibility and convictions. Harrell argues that Robertson, even if he is not nominated, promises to play the role of powerbroker at the Republican convention.

☐ COMING IN MARCH: In *A Time of Change: A Reporter's Tale of Our Times* (Harper & Row, $19.95), Harrison E. Salisbury discusses the background of his articles on racial violence in the South in the 1960s, his war reportage from Hanoi, his infatuation with Chou En-lai and China, and "the virtue and total necessity of reporting the unpopular event at the most—especially—at the most difficult, touchy moment."

Came the Revolution: Argument in the Reagan Era (Harcourt, Brace, $17.95), by Daniel Patrick Moynihan, argues that the history of 25 years of failed Administrations proves that the Presidency, as an institution, is suffering from a protracted crisis, deepened further by what Moynihan charges is a deliberately inflated deficit, built up by Reagan in order to destroy big government and the welfare state.

A History of the Salzburg Festival (Salem, $24.95), by Stephen Gallup, is an interesting account of an "institution," an "idea," and an "ideal" that "evolved and mutated against the background of our cacophonous century." —CW

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of racism, and many of Moynihan's sympathizers were intimidated into disavowing his work. Except from conservatives, little of value has been heard on the subject since. Two new books, however, show modest signs of a fresh willingness on the part of American liberals to participate in some open debate on the problem of what really is keeping blacks down. Both Eleanor Wilson Orr and William Julius Wilson point out structural defects in black culture (culture in T. S. Eliot's broader sense of "all the characteristic activities of a people"). Both offer some hard-headed diagnoses. But neither has the courage to demand that black culture be radically altered to allow its entrance into mainstream American culture.

Eleanor Orr teaches math and science at a predominantly black high school in Washington, D.C. In *Twice as Less*, she attempts to explain why black children haven't measured up in those two fields: it's the language they use—Black English Vernacular (BEV), to use the term coined by politically correct linguists.

Actually, if Mrs. Orr is as undynamic a presence in the classroom as she is on the printed page, it's not hard to see why her students do badly. Reading sentences like this: "The students who use the additive 'than' mode and the multiplicative 'as' mode to describe twiceness as additive also use the multiplicative noun mode intact to do so," you can't help picturing one little black head after another dropping quietly onto the desk in front of it. Fortunately, Mrs. Orr has livened up the book with a running collection of snippets of black English ("The dent [jail] is the place where you res' at when you get caught").

In her view, BEV lacks the grammatical structures that permit Standard English to express quantitative relationships and operations crucial to mathematics. Speakers of BEV, for instance, use the prepositions "from," "to," and "between" in unorthodox ways, and thus frequently confuse distance with location (e.g., "If you subtract half the distance from Washington to Cleveland, that distance will equal Aurora").

Mrs. Orr invokes the notion that language shapes thought: nonstandard usages produce nonstandard perceptions. Speakers of BEV, for instance, use speed prepositions to express time and distance ("John travels *at* twice the distance by car as he does by train"), and time prepositions to express speed (". . . the speed he would have to maintain indorer to traveled the going trip *in* the returning trips speed [*sic*]"). As a result, Mrs. Orr explains, her students often misunderstand speed as just a function of time, as opposed to a function of both time and distance: for them, speed "only describes *the way* something moves —whether quickly or slowly; how far it goes depends only on how long it keeps moving, regardless of the way it moves."

So you keep waiting for her to say something like, "It's about time someone taught these kids English." She never does, though. In her foreword, she thanks a colleague "for freeing me from the last traces of ethnocentrism," and quotes with approval a resolution of the Linguistic Society of America stating that "no natural language has been shown to be superior to another for the expression of logical thought." Her idea is that black students should be made to come to grips with standard grammar only to the extent necessary to "acquire the verbal features that are essential to the expression . . . of mathematical and scientific ideas." She would have them do this by a) making diagrams depicting quantitative relationships, b) working with nonstandard, irregular number systems (not worth explaining), and c) reading the classic texts of European science and mathematics (she favors Newton's *Opticks*).

Say what? Newton's *Opticks*? That's it. Mrs. Orr offers no call whatsoever for black children to learn Standard English. She prefers to see them work around their language, fine-tuning it just a little, while leaving Black English Vernacular, the linchpin of black culture, fundamentally intact.

William Julius Wilson, a sociologist at the University of Chicago, is equally soft on black culture. In *The Truly Disadvantaged*, he offers the thesis that the dramatic increases in crime, drug abuse, unwed motherhood, illiteracy, unemployment, and poverty that blacks have experienced since the late Sixties occurred in response to two profound

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structural changes in the U.S. economy: a shift in emphasis from goods to services, and the relocation of what manufacturing industries were left, out of the cities and into the suburbs. Jobs suited to unskilled urban workers became scarce. As black men lost their jobs, black women found it increasingly difficult to find suitable—that is, employed—husbands. Yet they kept having babies, whom, naturally, they were unable to support without the help of AFDC.

Meanwhile, until the early Sixties, inner-city black neighborhoods were characterized by what Wilson calls "vertical integration": lower-, working-, and middle-class black families all living in the same communities. During the Sixties, the black professional class grew and, as restrictive real-estate covenants were rescinded, moved out of the ghettos and into middle-class white suburbs. As it did, so rose the new black underclass, a group of people cut off in all ways from reproducible examples of middle-class behavior patterns.

Wilson wants desperately to distance himself from the conservative "culture of poverty" thesis—the idea that the easy availability of generous transfer payments has bred a culture of dependency among underclass blacks. Again and again he insists that his "key theoretical concept" is "social isolation": "Culture of poverty," he says, "implies that basic values and attitudes of the ghetto subculture have been internalized and thereby influence behavior. . . . Social isolation, on the other hand, not only implies that contact between groups of different class and/or racial backgrounds is either lacking or has become increasingly intermittent but that the nature of this contact enhances the effects of living in a highly concentrated poverty area." In other words, the cycle *began* with isolation and unemployment. Underclass culture developed only in response.

What doesn't seem to have occurred to Wilson is that other groups have faced social isolation, severe unemployment, and depleted marriage markets, but have nevertheless adapted and succeeded. It is culture, the "characteristic activities [behavior patterns] of a people," that determines how different groups will respond to the same hardship—not, obviously, the hardship itself. Because he underestimates the determinative power of culture, Wil-

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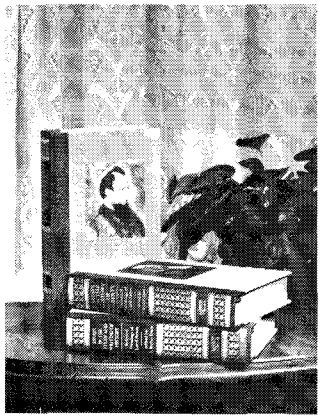

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son, like Mrs. Orr, demands that whites change *their* ways to accommodate black culture. He argues that to eliminate the black underclass, the state (of course) will have to achieve full employment, at any cost. What that means for Wilson is a new New Deal, and the creation in America of a European-style welfare state. He points out that these radical, not to mention (and he doesn't) extremely expensive, reforms will *appear* to be race-blind, though of course they will primarily benefit the black underclass.

Wilson's prescription illustrates the depths of decadence to which politically correct thinkers have sunk. An underlying assumption in almost everything they say and write today is that anyone who understands the history and the complexity of an alien culture will naturally condone it and demand that it be preserved—even at the cost of his own culture's integrity. This is a striking development. In *Totem and Taboo*, Freud argued that the aborigine cultures of Africa, Australia, and America are, in their own ways, really quite sophisticated. Yet, the consummate unashamed bourgeois, he characterized their cultural institutions as "cruel" and "barbaric," and referred to the aborigines themselves as "primitive."

Old-style, Great Society liberals were happy to throw money at the black underclass, hoping it would buy a new suit and join the middle-class party. Wilson wants to bring the whole party to an end, taxing the middle class to hell for the sake of the inner cities. Mrs. Orr, the more conservative of the two, just wants to shake up the way math and science are taught in this country. Neither wants to disturb the bulk of black culture.

Freud also implicitly recognized, in *Civilization and Its Discontents*, that the crucial fact about Western civilization is that it is our own, and that if we wish to defend it we will be obligated to take steps that may not be pleasant or seem fair. We live in a society increasingly unable to justify its traditional norms and practices. Belief in God, in a canon of "classical" literature, in traditional sexual roles, in the nuclear family, no longer go without saying. Defenders of traditional societal forms will therefore have to be satisfied with temporary holding actions against the forces of disintegration and chaos. One of these will certainly have to be directed against underclass culture—a holding action performed through sheer will, the knowing affirmation of what we are for the very reason that we are it. □

GENDER UTOPIA, LTD.

Maggie Gallagher

Female Sexualization, edited by Frigga Haug (Verso, 301 pp., $13.95)

Men in Feminism, edited by Alice Jardine and Paul Smith (Methuen, 288 pp., $29.95)

In Other Worlds: Essays in Cultural Politics, by Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak (Methuen, 309 pp., $35)

LORDY! That patriarchal oppression is some slippery stuff. Just when you thought you'd wiped it out one place, it oozes up somewhere else. In little girls, for example. *Female Sexualization* raised my consciousness on that subject. Do you know what they used to do, maybe still do, to little girls? *They put their hair in ponytails.* That's right.

There's an endless list of other tortures molding carefree girls into (horrors!) women: Stand up straight; keep your legs together; lose weight; dress nice (but not too nice); wear braids, bows, woolen knickers—the mothers' litany becomes the daughters' lament.

The authors of *Female Sexualization*, a group of 14 West German feminists, use something they call Collective Memory Work as a Social-Scientific Method, to delve into the roots of female oppression. Looks to me like a lot of women sitting around, shooting the breeze. Group therapy with a feminist twist.

> The date on which my hair was to be permitted to fall victim to a pair of scissors was decided, not in consultation with me but with my elder brothers. . . . The same brothers . . . would argue the question of whether a woman with her hair loose looked racy, gypsy-like, or gentle. . . . In talking together of such things, they would exchange knowing, understanding glances. But neat, healthy hair was never the subject of their conversations.

"It was within this sexist discourse of masculinity," the nameless author editorializes, "that it was possible for my brothers to manufacture the notions of the wicked woman as sexually attractive, by producing their own sister as a girl who was pure."

I don't know of any other group that idolizes lust and fears sex as much as radical feminists do. It's sex, you know, that drives women out of gender utopia—as in the Moonie version of that Garden of Eden stuff.

Sexuality as an attractive nuisance is a recurring theme in *Men in Feminism*, a collection of essays by literary feminists, male and female. As Stephen Heath says, ". . . we should take seriously at last the 'hetero' in heterosexuality, which means the heterogeneity in us, on us, through us, and also take seriously the 'sexuality,' which means, I think, giving up, precisely, heterosexuality, that oppressive representation of the sexual as act, complementarity, two sexes, coupling." Horrible, isn't it?

The really shocking thing, though, about Marxist feminist deconstructionists is how badly they write. *Men in Feminism* is chock-full of cunning word-plays that are supposed to produce instant epiphanies (e.g., are male feminists "miss-taken"?). Also *de rigueur*, especially for the men, are dramatic confessions of one's inability to confess intimate details about one's personal life. "I'm not relaxed enough with the identity of personal and political to bring the tensions and trouble of my marriage into this discussion," laments Richard Ohmann.

Men are a big problem for literary feminists these days, because they want to play too—which many feminists interpret as just one more example of "male colonization." So what's a nice guy to do? Review our books favorably, literary feminists say, throw more money into our departments, and shut up. "Do I write from desire-fear," Heath not surprisingly wonders, "to say simply in the last analysis 'love me,' accept me, at least as 'modestly, ingloriously marginal'?"

The problem of how to validate feminist experience—to exclude all men without *including* conservative

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women—is one that literary feminists resolve by elevating the metaphysical status of pain. In this respect, Gayatri Spivak's *In Other Worlds* is admirably intellectually honest, honest enough to admit that if deconstructionist epistemology is correct, words like "feminist" are as problematic as words like "feminine." A deconstructionist's work, it seems, is never done.

All experience may be socially constructed, but some experiences are less constructed than others—and the subjective experience of oppression is the only legitimate basis on which to ground political action. No pain, no play.

No thank you. □

THE MEN OF 1914

James W. Tuttleton

Makers of the New: The Revolution in Literature 1912-1939, by Julian Symons (Random House, 295 pp., $19.95)

In *Women of the Left Bank: Paris 1900-1940* (1986), Shari Benstock perpetrates a revisionist study of Modernist writing that turns literary history on its head. Focusing on a group of lesbians in Paris, Miss Benstock rewrites history so as to give Djuna Barnes, Sylvia Beach, Kay Boyle, Nancy Cunard, H.D., Gertrude Stein, Alice B. Toklas, et al. top billing. Miss Benstock attacks what she calls "the hegemony of masculine heterosexual values that have for so long underwritten our definitions of Modernism," and attributes these women's alleged eminence to their rejecting the oppressive patriarchy's "enforced heterosexuality."

Miss Benstock, then, will not like Julian Symons's *Makers of the New.* For this book is frankly patriarchal in celebrating what Symons calls "The Founding Fathers" of Modernism: Wyndham Lewis, T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, and James Joyce. Symons offers us a witty and informal "blend of biography, literary history, and criticism designed to show the course of literary modernism, as it developed in Britain and America."

The definition of the Modernist movement in letters is now so unsettled that Symons pretty well finesses the problem by lightly defining Modernism as work by writers who were

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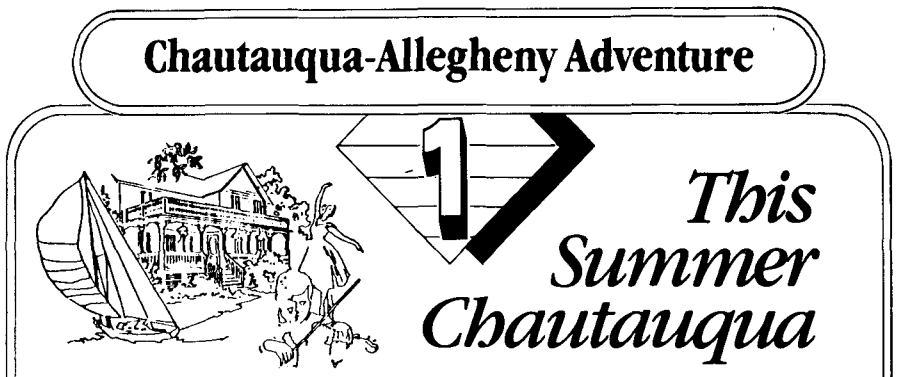
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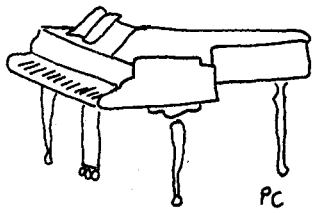
"attempting consciously to change the form, language, or subject matter of literature, sometimes all three." Limiting himself wholly to British and American writing, Symons has the Modernist phase running from the founding of *Poetry* magazine in Chicago in 1912 to the publication of *Finnegans Wake* and the closing down of Eliot's *Criterion* in 1939. As a narrative of the "men of 1914," as Wyndham Lewis called them, *Makers of the New* recounts the rise and decline of the new literature, its characteristic forms of expression, and the little magazines in which it appeared. Due attention is paid to the lesser role of women like Amy Lowell, Margaret Anderson, Gertrude Stein, Harriet Monroe, and Harriet Weaver. An epilogue describes the fate of the main Modernists: Joyce glorified, Eliot sanctified, Lewis ostracized, and Pound in a cage (arrested by the U.S. Army in Pisa for treason). Since the history of this movement has been told many times before, does Symons have anything new to add?



Principally a wry wit, a mild cynicism, and a satirist's eye for the surprising detail. Rarely has the obesity of Amy Lowell been linked so hilariously to Imagism as a style. Joyce's limp handshake and his perpetual squint bring him alive. Ezra Pound's windmill pugilism (with Hemingway) is lovingly described. Here is Symons on Hilda Doolittle:

> She was the sister of one of Pound's fellow students, her father taught astronomy at the university, and Pound met her first at a Hallowe'en party where he was dressed as a Tunisian prince. Hilda was tall, coltishly awkward, bony, and regarded as beautiful by some but not by [William Carlos] Williams, who thought Pound exaggerated her charms absurdly. She was, Williams said, "a little clumsy but all to the mustard. . . . A girl that's full of fun, bright, but never telling you all she knows, doesn't care if her hair is a little mussed, and wears good solid shoes."

More than textual analysis, Symons loves literary gossip, of which the book is full. Even so, he seriously distinguishes Eliotic Modernism from the version developed in America under the aegis of Williams. British to the core, Symons naturally prefers the Eliot line and deplores the anti-intellectualism of Williams and his epigones; he doubts Williams's proclamation that there are "*no ideas but in things.*" Symons is likewise dismissive of Williams's claim to have discovered a new American prosody: "[Williams] never defined it, beyond making some remarks about the breathing habits of Americans being different from those of the British, and it would seem that the variable foot in Williams's own work varied just as he felt at any particular moment." In Symons's view, "the effects obtained were certainly very different from those of European modernists. At best they may be thought trivial, at worst null." This will raise some American hackles, but not mine.

One of the surprises of the book is Symons's attempt to rehabilitate Wyndham Lewis, whose importance "has been consistently understated or even almost ignored, especially by American writers." For Symons, Lewis's *Tarr* (1918), *Time and Western Man* (1927), and *The Apes of God* (1930)

> contained speculations and suggestions about the modern state, the individual's place within it, and the implications involved in sexual and political liberalism that even today astonish by their acuity and far-sightedness. They contain analyses looking forward to the spread of unisex clothing and behavior and the increasing power of homosexuality, they suggest the likely development of giant trusts and cartels that in their internal pattern would resemble socialist states. Lewis . . . linked the disintegration of the family (something hardly contemplated at the time) with the development of feminism, [and] condemned the idea that Negro culture should be considered as at all equivalent to white. Why was the writer who advanced these disturbing, novel ideas not proclaimed as an important sociological philosopher, why was there not a cult of his work among the intelligentsia?

The answer to this question points to the failure of the Modernist movement. Symons argues that (with the exception of Joyce) the "artistic demolition work" of the men of 1914 was performed with a distinct social intention in mind—saving society from the worm-eaten liberalism that then infected it. In that sense the movement did not succeed, and by 1939 the fact that their differing conservative social visions had failed to materialize "inevitably affected their art and their attitude." Lewis's flirtation with Fascism simply sank his reputation for social thought, and although he recanted in *The Hitler Cult*, his undisciplined prose and his one-world coercive politics dropped him into the *oubliette*. And while Joyce with *Ulysses* "changed utterly" the twentieth-century novel, Symons argues that Joyce's more radical experiments in unreadable language, such as in *Finnegans Wake*, were "no longer profitable." Finally, Eliot's conversion to Christianity in 1927 "involved for him changes of attitude and of literary style" incompatible with Modernist thought. Only Pound "remained in relation to literature a pure revolutionary." But since *The Cantos* were the product of a disintegrating mind given over to Fascism and anti-Semitism, they are only intermittently coherent and must, finally, be judged a failure. Still, of these four writers Symons concludes that "they changed permanently the language in which poetry is written, and enlarged beyond measure what could be said and the way of saying it in fiction." For this accomplishment, the men of 1914 "deserve honor." □

KUMQUATS FOR SUPPER

Loxley F. Nichols

The Candles of Your Eyes, by James Purdy (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 143 pp., $14.95)

In the Hollow of His Hand, by James Purdy (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 254 pp., $16.95)

WHEN MME. GIRARD, the Liberacian *grande dame* of James Purdy's 1959 novel, *Malcolm*, proclaims, "Texture is all, . . . substance nothing," she sets the tenor for all of Purdy's fiction. Made up of work written over the last twenty years, Purdy's third collection of stories is basically more of what has come before. Although somewhat milder in tone than *The Color of Darkness* and *Children Is All*, this new collection is nevertheless

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full of foreboding, ennui, and despair. Relationships are tenuous and adversarial; families are partial entities, usually with one parent missing and the other inoperative. Identities are hard to tack down, and deception may be accidental or intentional, significant or trivial, but it is always present.

In Purdy's fiction the sentimental and the macabre are common bedfellows. Tears and blood flow easily onstage, while bruises and blackened nails give evidence of violence offstage. Although it bears no resemblance in plot to the Alban Berg opera, "Sleep Tight" has a pervasive red hue and atonal *Wozzeck*-like resonance. In this story a dead man's blood becomes the medium of a child's "watercolor" paintings, and children's screams echo to the tune of a popular song.

Impulses, too, are deceptively interchangeable, and appetites, when they exist at all, are insatiable. In "Lily's Party" two men and a woman engage in an orgy of compulsive eating and grotesque fornicating that measures the extremity of their emotional and spiritual deprivation. "Lily's Party" expresses lust through consumption; in "Mr. Evening" lust takes the form of acquisition. In an elusive antique dealer, the collector Mrs. Owens recognizes the ultimate prize. After luring him to her house with the temptation of a viewing of her vast storerooms of "heirlooms," she tells the mysterious Mr. Evening: "The human face, perhaps strangely enough, is really all that has been left to me . . . I need the human face, let's say. . . . I can't stare at my servants, though outsiders have praised their fetching appeal. (I can't look at what I've acquired, I've memorized it too well.) No, I'm talking about the unnegotiable human face." As it turns out, the "unnegotiable human face" (as well as the rest of the six-foot-six Mr. Evening) is presently bought for a teacup, if not for a song.

Talk is important in these stories. Six are written in the first person and many are conveyed as gossip. When the narrator is effaced, a story may adhere to an oral tradition, such as the ballad-like "Ruthanna Elder" or the fable "Mud Toe the Cannibal." Dialogue, however, is usually full of non-sequiturs. Operating in a spiritual vacuum, Purdy's characters feel invisible, expressing the sentiments of the naïve protagonist of *Malcolm*, who admits, "I hardly feel I exist." Thus the act of telling becomes more an attempt at clarification, justification, or validation of *self* than communication with another.

About half the stories in this collection are successful—the first four, plus "Sleep Tight," "Short Papa," and "The Candles of Your Eyes." Purdy's quirky, angular prose style can turn wooden and trite, and he has a tiresome preoccupation with homosexuality. Frequently his stories are so reductive they read like synopses.

Yet the titles of this collection and this novel illustrate the author's lyrical bent. Set in the Midwest after World War I, *In the Hollow of His Hand* is an initiation story that marks a new dimension in Purdy's exploration of the relationship between fathers and sons and the search for self. Instead of being abandoned and fatherless, young Chad Coultas suddenly finds

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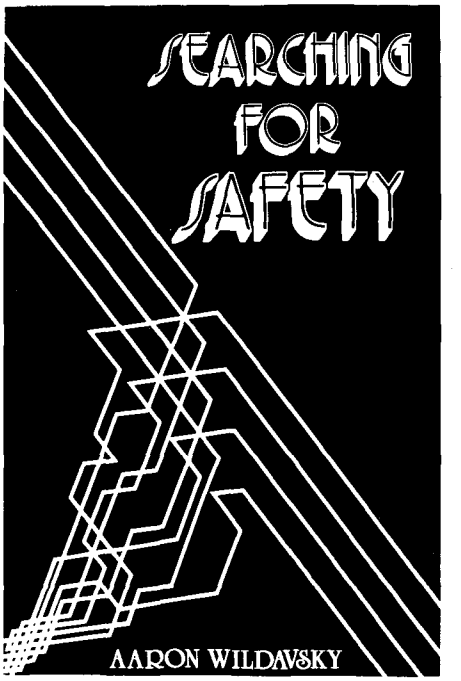

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himself with two fathers and must choose between his natural one, the outcast Indian Decatur, and his legal one, the upstanding (and unscrupulous) Lewis Coultas. Having been kidnapped first by one and then by the other, Chad makes an arduous and surreal journey back home to Yellow Brook.

While cultural and historical dimensions are apparent, spiritual overtones in this father-son relationship are implicit in Decatur's and Chad's identically webbed feet (we might think of "Leda and the Swan"), and are acknowledged by Chad's mother, Eva: "It is not a human love that Decatur has for this boy—maybe it is divine, I don't know—but it is immoderate like the lake in a storm, and the forest when riven by lightning. It comes out of the sky and thunder."

The writing, especially in the first 105 pages, is luxuriant and masterly, and the characters are compelling not only to the reader, but to one another as well:

> She turned from the map and stared at Decatur. He was a full-blooded Ojibwa Indian. When he felt like it, as today, he let his hair fall to his shoulders, and his eyes, usually half-closed, made most people look away—they said his eyes made them think of the northern lights in winter, or a far-off explosion from a city refinery.

What begins in a tide of rhapsodic splendor, however, later becomes stymied in an allegorical bog. After a while we lose interest in Chad's wild adventures, which become too numerous and random to keep track of.

This arbitrary and seemingly artless quality of Purdy's writing has been viewed differently. "The cool inconsequence of the narrative [in *Malcolm*] —the inconsequence of real life with the impression of fantasy and the suggestion of vast but always escaping meanings—" was for David Daiches "proof of [Purdy's] supreme control." For Flannery O'Connor, who was also a Purdy admirer of sorts, this quality was a sign of sloppy writing: "the stories seem to me merely thrown together." Whether intentional or accidental, such abstruseness finally becomes monotonous, oppressive, and just plain unsatisfying. Reading James Purdy is rather like eating kumquats: colorful and exotic experimentation, but hardly substantial enough for a meal. □

FILM

LONG FACES

John Simon

YOU'VE GOT to hand it to Woody Allen: the man certainly has a rich fantasy life. In all his later, more grandiose movies, he fantasizes himself into some great director or playwright before him. Most obviously, he was Bergman in *Interiors* and Fellini in *Stardust Memories*. In *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*, he thought he was Jean Renoir; in *Radio Days*, he was trying for Neil Simon, and for once—unfortunately—succeeding. Now, in *September*, he is being Chekhov, God save the mark, but a Chekhov without a trace of humor, self-irony, true humanity.

We are in Lane's house in Vermont at the end of August, which is why the film is called *September*. Lane—but why call these characters, threadbare to the point of transparence, by any but their interpreters' names? Mia Farrow, then, is about to sell this family house full of old and new unhappy memories—she has just recovered from a nervous breakdown—and start a new life on the proceeds, as a photographer in New York (shades of *Interiors*, here as elsewhere). She is gently avoiding the amorous advances of a much older neighbor, Denholm Elliott, a professor of French, which sets the tone for various characters' yearning for Paris, here functioning as Chekhov's Moscow. Mia is desperately in love with Sam Waterston, an advertising man and summer boarder trying to write a book about his father, a history professor who came to grief during the McCarthy era.

In sweeps Elaine Stritch, a former model and playgirl, now a brash, boozy termagant with an atomic-physicist husband (Jack Warden), who proceeds to take over the place in her callous way. Staying there as well is Dianne Wiest, a married friend of Mia's, who is having difficulties with her radiologist husband back in Philadelphia. Sam, who keeps dodging Mia, is mad about Dianne and lays impassioned siege to her; she yields once, then backtracks, but not before Mia catches them kissing. Hammer blow follows hammer blow: Elaine wants to repossess the house and deprive Mia of a fresh chance in life. At the end of her tether, Mia blurts out before all what marked her for life: the killing of her divorced mother's viciously brutalizing live-in lover, ascribed to Mia, an unjailable minor, though actually performed by her mother.

This eighty-minute-but-endless film totters between a couple of eruptions through scenes of bloodless mooning; it never even looks outside the house, having been shot on a set of the Astoria Studio, as it proudly and claustrophobia-inducingly never lets us forget. Waterston lifts one slat of a blind and rhapsodizes about the millions of stars *we* don't see; the symbolic coming of autumn is discussed but not shown; when Dianne sits down at the keyboard to play golden oldies we hear her playing on and on as if she were a player piano, her human limitations forgotten by Allen. Sam agonizes about Dianne, Mia, his book, her biography Elaine wants him to write; Denholm Elliott and his yearning pop up or are shunted aside ad libitum. Perfunctory bows to Kurosawa and Art Tatum are meant to authenticate these synthetic characters.

It is all a wan, elucubrated charade, an "Indian Summer Days' Sex Drama" mistaking deadly dull for dead serious. Even the tone is botched: the melodramatic incident from the past (which is, of course, the Lana Turner-Johnny Stompanato-Cheryl Crane story) is totally out of place in the Chekhovian setting, bogus as that may be. And there is something intrinsically unappetizing about dragging in an old piece of *chronique scandaleuse* as the cornerstone of one's brave new work. And this from the purist who, dissatisfied with the first version of the film, scrapped it and shot a second, only to declare that he should have made a third. What is this: the perfectionism of banality?

Elaine Stritch doesn't just chew the scenery, she fletcherizes it; Denholm Elliott is so self-effacing, he practically fades out of the frame, which, in his heart of hearts, he must dearly wish he could do. Mia Farrow is routinely neurotic, while Jack Warden endures

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his miscasting stoically. Sam Waterston agonizing is one of the most ludicrous sights on screen or stage: he conveys the anguish of a man trying to play a dramatic scene with his pants dropping. But Dianne Wiest is quite amazing: with her no-account face, squinty eyes, and squeaky voice, she can still make her ersatz part come to touching life.

My favorite scene has Warden the particle physicist explaining that the terrible thing is not our ability to blow up the world, but that once you get down to subatomic particles—the nitty-gritty, so to speak—you realize that the universe doesn't give a damn about human life and moral law. There's no telling what scientific discoveries Allen may push on to; one of them is adumbrated in Miss Wiest's statement that, as fine a radiologist as her husband is, she would never let him X-ray her, lest he uncover the secrets of her inner life. May we look forward to *Radiology Days*?

PEOPLE ARE carrying on about how wonderful *Moonstruck* is, and Cher's equine visage nuzzles us from

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

RAYMOND CHANDLER remarked somewhere that the detective-story writer's first defense against tedium is to have a man break through the door with a blazing gun in his hand. Smashed doors and blazing guns have accounted for most of Russian experience since 1917, and yet the tedium of Soviet history remains: it is the dismal, impersonal dreariness of bogus political "science" as embodied in a relentless procession of alphabet agencies suggesting serried ranks of blank tombstones. Those readers who are either indifferent to this tedium, or find themselves able to break through it with a blazing gun, will find *Chekisty: A History of the KGB* (Lexington Books, D. C. Heath and Company, 125 Spring Street, Lexington, Mass. 02173; $17.95), by John J. Dziak with a foreword by Robert Conquest, a rewarding book.

Dziak's theme is the rise, consolidation, and perfecting of what he calls "the counterintelligence state," in which the security system functions as the "principal guardian" of the monopolistic revolutionary Party. In the counterintelligence state, the security system is the only system that works well, or indeed at all, and it is partly for that reason that it has become the state's chief export. "The counterintelligence state," Dziak writes, "can generate political power and the security to protect it. It cannot generate economic welfare for the common good; but, then, that is not what Communist systems are about."

The Bolsheviks, in creating and developing the Cheka, learned "some interesting but incorrect lessons" from their czarist predecessors in the final years of Imperial Russia, according to Mr. Dziak. By the beginning of the twentieth century, the despotism of the czars had been greatly alleviated. The Okhrana—the Russian secret police—was, by comparison with its Communist successor, small, inefficient, and squeamish. Had World War I not occurred to put a halt to these liberalizing tendencies, Dziak suggests, the history of the twentieth century might have proved radically different. In the event, however, "The Bolsheviks had learned to emulate czarism's declining, but worse, side: its political police. At the same time they displayed complete contempt and hatred for the positive face of the system, namely the growing political freedom and economic improvement." Come to power, Lenin and his lieutenants were determined not to repeat the "mistakes" of the bourgeois government they had routed.

Under the Romanovs, the courts had been independent of the police, and demonstrated "surprising leniency" toward political offenders. Dziak recounts how Lenin removed that "defect" from his own system, thereby creating a police agency that imitated Ivan the Terrible's notorious Oprichnina far more than it did Nicholas II's Okhrana: "Police and state became coterminous." It was a development that the Bolsheviks had the experience to engineer. "Historically," Dziak writes, "conspiracy was central to the formation of the Soviet system and the Party's monopoly position in it. The long years spent underground prior to the Bolshevik coup . . . involved not only covert provocational and counterprovocational duels with the Czar's security service . . . but intense struggle with the Mensheviks and even elements within the Bolshevik faction of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party." Conspiratorial thinking, moreover, was central in another sense as well: supposed plots by "Whites," "capitalists," "bourgeois elements," and "enemies of the people" were used to excuse any means necessary for extirpating "threats" to the Revolution. As Felix Dzerzhinsky, head of the Cheka in what Dziak calls its "classical" period, stated: "We represent in ourselves organized terror . . . We are terrorizing the enemies of Soviet power in order to strangle crimes in their germ."

Pursuing the Cheka through its successive bureaucratic incarnations (GPU, OGPU, NKVD, KGB), Dziak discusses how it was left for Stalin to improve on Lenin's accomplishments by making the Party itself subordinate to the state security organization, and thus a direct extension of his personal authority. In a fascinating chapter, he describes Stalin's use of the agency's "external dimension" to prepare the way for the pact with Hitler, while relying upon its domestic operations to purge the Party of Old Bolsheviks and others who would have opposed such an alliance; and provides chilling material on kidnappings and assassinations abroad. By the time of Stalin's death, the state security system had become so integrally related to the authority of the General Secretary that without it, in Dziak's opinion, "there might not have been a succession; the whole system would likely have collapsed." In the event, Beria was outmaneuvered by Khrushchev, whose "de-Stalinization" in fact "preserved the privileged positions of Party and police while appearing to humanize the system."

Under Khrushchev, the KGB was disciplined to conform with its Party-subordinated status in the Dzerzhinsky era; today, it has "long been rehabilitated and once more is the cutting edge of the Party." Confronted by this grim reality, *glasnost* can only be expected to drink a glass of vodka, draw the blind, and pull the sheet over its head. □

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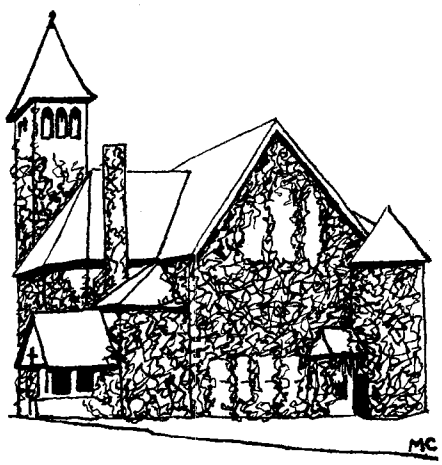
the covers of countless magazines. John Patrick Shanley, the screenwriter for this and *5 Corners* (a film of surpassing weirdness and very little sense) —hitherto an off-Broadway playwright of intermittent promise—grants interviews in which he sounds like D. W. Griffith and Orson Welles rolled together. Norman Jewison, America's most perfectly average director, is hailed for having made a truly charming, bubblingly human film. The whole world has become moonstruck.

Shanley, in his undisciplined way, can create bizarre but not uninvolving blue-collar characters who talk torrentially and behave violently, whether in love, hate, or madness. As a screenwriter—in *Moonstruck* more than in *5 Corners*—he has had to restrain himself somewhat, cutting down on the characters' garrulity, though not on their eccentricity. But, in *Moonstruck* especially, he has also been encouraged to overplay another streak of his—sentimentality—making everybody too lovable by half. This, I suppose, is to be explained by everyone's being working-class Italian, which, as moviegoers know, means some combination of *mamma*, Mafia, and scratchy Caruso records, though either the second or the third may be downplayed. Shanley repeatedly writes about lower-class Italians, whether because that is his maternal heritage or because the Italians can serve as convenient stand-ins for the Irish and make the nest-fouling less obvious, I don't know.

In *Moonstruck*, Cher plays a gutsy young-middle-aged widow who gets engaged to Danny Aiello, a timid fellow who must first return to the side of his dying mother in Sicily, but who wants Cher to invite his younger, estranged brother—Nicolas Cage, a baker—to their forthcoming wedding. Cher lives in the comfortable Brooklyn house of her father, Vincent Gardenia, as prosperous as only a plumber can be, and busily cheating on his wife, Olympia Dukakis, Cher's no less gutsy mother. I shan't go into the assorted picturesque members of this clan, most of whom are haunted by the full moon, but with a craziness, usually amorous, that couldn't be cozier. I'm not giving away anything, however, if I say that Cher is reluctantly drawn into a torrid affair with the baker, who blames his brother (hence the estrangement) for the loss of his left hand in the freakiest of accidents. As Nicolas Cage plays him, he is the comic wild man to end all comic wild men, as well as some not so comic ones.

That Cage's passion for Cher is equaled by his passion for opera is a bit harder to believe, but there again Italianness is supposed to justify anything. Cher's initiation at the Met is, however, one of the film's least amusing sequences, though the camera makes clearer than the naked eye can what a wretched piece of architecture the Met is. The film, in fact, is a series of set pieces, some of which work, some of which merely strain. An additional problem is the unprepossessingness of this pair of lovers. Cher has, on occasion, looked better; here, the more she puts on the dog, the rattier she looks. Her wan yet raspy, sleep-talking Italian voice is convincing but unappealing. As for her swain, with his mauled-looking ears, naturally punky hair, and watery, bulging eyes, Cage should be not his name, but his address.

Where the movie comes most to life is in the performances of Olympia Dukakis, more restrained than usual, and aptly blending a philosophical acceptance of her husband's infidelity with a nagging existential curiosity about why men must cheat, and John Mahoney, as an NYU professor of communications who has brief, unsatisfactory affairs with his students. Mahoney is an actor with perfect emotional pitch, and his wistful, platonic encounter with Miss Dukakis—an Italian mother may be a comic shrew, but she never commits adultery —is one of the film's more attractive episodes. Noteworthy, too, is David Watkin's cinematography, which can make even a paper moon appear to be made of the finest vellum. □



DELECTATIONS

AN INCIDENT AT THE BORDER

Nika Hazelton

In the Italy of my childhood (as in the present-day United States), various disagreeable happenings could be avoided or settled by personal intervention. One such instance occurred when Nigel the remittance man, my cousin Nicola, and the political career of my uncle Mario (Nicola's father) were put on the right track again after having come close to a collision that would have brought everlasting shame to them and to Monte Porzio Catone, the town where they lived.

Il lord inglese, as Nigel was called by the citizens of the small Roman hilltown, was not a lord at all, though he was an upper-class Britisher; he was 23 years old, and had been sent down from Oxford for extremely unsuitable behavior—passing bad checks and cheating and stealing—which he continued until his exasperated family finally sent him abroad, with a monthly remittance. But, instead of going to Kenya or Rhodesia like his fellow bad eggs, Nigel went to Rome to study archaeology, a subject that had fascinated him from early youth. He turned up in Monte Porzio as Uncle Mario's secretary on the (faked, as it turned out) recommendation of a Roman bishop. My uncle set Nigel to work putting in order his collection of Roman coins and other antiquities—shards and marble bits, including a fragmented big toe—that had been dug up over the years in his olive groves and vineyards.

My uncle was mayor of Monte Porzio at the time, and at the beginning of a very promising political career that would, he hoped, lead him to the Italian Senate and perhaps even further. At this time, his son Nicola was home from the Jesuit college in Arezzo (which had the reputation of being the toughest in all of Italy), where he had been sent by the Jesuit college near Monte Porzio when the fathers could no longer cope with the rebellious boy. Back in Monte Porzio he was more difficult than ever, and he and *il lord inglese* struck up a great and intimate friendship.

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In Monte Porzio there lived also another relative of ours, an ancient, malevolent lady we called Aunt Rosa. This person, known to everybody as "the antique vulture," was rather dishonest and very rich. Over the years, a lot of antiquities had been excavated on her properties, among them a miraculously well-preserved and very valuable 10- or 12-inch statuette of ivory from which one arm was missing. This object had been, I imagine, a votive offering to Dionysus, since the remaining hand held some grapes. Nobody was allowed to handle it except *il lord inglese*. When asked why Nigel should be so privileged, Aunt Rosa just smiled.

One day, as we were finishing our dinner with fresh apricots and the first ripe figs of the season, two policemen appeared in the dining room, pushing aside the maid who had tried to delay them in order to announce them properly. We all were flabbergasted; my uncle was speechless with rage and my aunt and I started to weep, as did the maid. In the general brouhaha, the larger of the policemen announced that Nicola and *il lord inglese* were to come with them to the police station. Both boys had gone pale, but they rose from the dining table and followed the two policemen without a word. My uncle went immediately to the chief of police to find out what was the matter, and to bring the boys home. But the chief of police had vanished, and nobody knew why the boys were sitting, handcuffed, in the police station. When asked, they did not utter a word, but grew paler and paler, as Uncle Mario told us later.

Meanwhile, the arrest had become known in Monte Porzio and the locals, or so it seemed from the throng at the front door, had come to offer counsel. Finally, we learned that the order for the boys' arrest had come from Rome, for which Uncle Mario departed willy-nilly.

As the evening wore on, neither my uncle nor the boys came home. The maids, my aunt, and I became more agitated by the minute, alternating between tears and imprecations. Finally, around midnight, we heard the sound of a car at the front door, and Uncle Mario came into the house. My aunt dissolved in a new burst of tears and cried that things must be very bad indeed to warrant my uncle's hiring a car and driver to take him home.

What had happened was that in faraway Chiasso, at the Swiss border, the Italian guards became suspicious of a nervous-looking man who would not open his suitcase for them. They opened it by force and found inside, wrapped very carefully, Aunt Rosa's precious statuette on its way to be sold in Zurich. From much telephoning it was discovered that the man, an antique dealer with a doubtful reputation, had been approached by a young Englishman and an adolescent Italian who asked him to take the object to Switzerland and sell it there. But getting a genuine antique out of Italy was strictly against the law, albeit a law that was not always as strictly enforced as it might have been.

Just after midnight, Nigel and Nicola, accompanied by the two policemen, were brought home. To everybody's surprise, they immediately went upstairs to their rooms; the next day, we learned that they had spent the evening in the local jail, without supper or bathroom facilities. Meanwhile, beyond "It cost me plenty," Uncle Mario would never say how the two boys had managed to escape the penalty of the law.

Aunt Rosa was also quiet on the subject of how the statuette had left its home. We never knew whether she had given it to Nigel and Nicola or the two had stolen it. Soon afterward, Nicola returned to the stern Jesuit fathers in Arezzo and Nigel returned to England, where he married and settled down to farm. Uncle Mario, in due course, was elected a senator; Aunt Rosa grew even richer; and the whole unfortunate affair was never mentioned again in Monte Porzio. Whether the statuette was ever returned to her, we never found out. □

THE GIMLET EYE

THE REDNECK GOES BUDDHIST

D. Keith Mano

WHAT, FOR SURE, I know about Buddhism is you wanter have clean socks t'do it in. I know that because I'm right now at a downtown *han* meeting—which is whenever enough middle-management yuppie peo-

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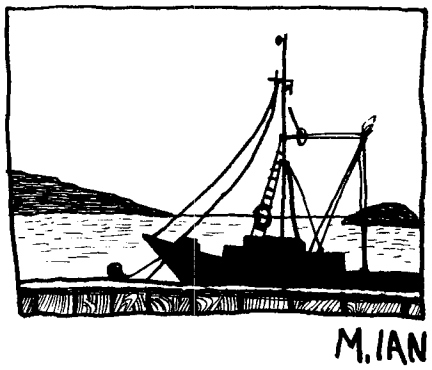
ple get shoeless together and chant in Japanese. First off they rattle through Lotus Sutra—to the fetching tune of, far as I can tell, here a quack, there a quack, everywhere a quack-quack. Mind, in our believe-whatever nation, you better not show disrespect for color, race, or creed, especial when that creed is hotter than sun spots, the way Nichiren Shoshu of America (NSA) has been, just look what they did to Mr. Jimmy Greek—and he said *nice* things. So I am open-minded. More or less what we all are after chanting a quarter-hour—open-minded as in VACANT TRY ELSEWHERE.

NSA people appear decent, amiable types, tho somewhat spoony. They'd clap and hoo-roar at a paper-trained dog, if he was in need of encouragement. "Keith is visiting with us tonight." Yaw-whee, let's hear it for Keith. This Buddhist sect was first thought up by a preacher called Nichiren Daishonin before A.D. 1300. I don't understand it much—no one seems to—but the thingamabob that'll do the job is *Nam Myo-ho Renge Kyo*. Over and over again. *Nam* means devotion. *Myo-ho* = mystic law. *Renge* is your basic lotus. And *Kyo* stands for the verbalization of Buddhist doctrine. Diagram this sentence however you want—after some while it sounds like *Nommyno Foreign Dago*—endless repetition is what will clear up that fuggy karma you got.

Repetition in front of the *Gohonzon*, mind now. First copywrit by Daishonin himself, a *Gohonzon* is this scroll picture (no one at my *han* meeting can translate it), that NSA people will come and enshrine on your bedroom wall for no installation fee. "Daishonin inscribed this *Gohonzon* to mankind, because he wanted to give us some way to relieve the suffering in our lives." It isn't a person, not a god, nor yet a moral map coordinate. No one even has to believe in the *Gohonzon*, though that might seem polite, considering. Nichiren Shoshu Buddhism is a practice, they say, not a belief. The swift practicer will foreign dago, morning and night, as long as he can stand it. And they challenge me to chant for sure-enough material things: cash, job, blonde bimbo, whatever. Though, to my Christian ear, that'd be pushy as asking for seconds of the Eucharist.

NSA people witness a whole lot. Fact, it is all like some kind of Oriental AA meeting. I was down and out, then I chanted my way from mailroom to executive assistant. One woman got her husband's salary up over $40,000 this year. In fairness: they do suggest you start by *nam*ming for a new stereo and move up to world peace, say. But NSA approaches the prospective convert with this great loss-leader promotion—reminded me of late-night TV advertising. Yes, my friend, try it for one week and, if by that time you aren't promoted to first busboy, well, back to Methodism or whatever you came from and no hard feelings. But if you are promoted (and the chant routine might make you confident for once)—getting is believing. What d'you need to receive your own official *Gohonzon*—precisely like the wooden original in Japan? Just your $17 life membership fee and a trip to our temple in Queens. That is some long novitiate: three hours at most, if you hit heavy traffic.



But lemme shoot my wad somewhat on chanting in general. No doubt chanting will relax the mind and keep you maybe from a premature cerebrovascular incident. It is also something spiritual that you can actually *do*—add up and pack away *Nam Myo-hos* like a mud wasp. Which is easier and more *countable* than, oh, opening your soul to grace from the Risen Christ. But when they tell me all I need are chants and my *Gohonzon*, well, whoa. I don't purchase that. It shrinks my human nature down. If God just wanted some creature who could say *Nam Myo-ho* without thought, He would more conveniently have set up a mynah bird in Eden.

The temple, which I hauled out to, is eye-spronging: looks like a giant machine-gun emplacement in suburbia. Whatever you or I feel about NSA, it is major mojo now. There are forty thousand NSA *Gohonzon*ers in New York, 500,000 around America, and twenty million worldwide. Check out their newspaper, *World Tribune*, and you'll see NSA gatherings—ten thousand here, twenty thousand there—such as Yankee Stadium doesn't get for a twi-night doubleheader. It is all so *organized*: near paramilitary. Band and chorus and drill dance and helmeted gymnasts who show "fighting spirit." I quote: "Wave upon wave of youth-division performances capped by the simultaneous accomplishment of five human pyramids, reaching as high as five stories, which brought the entire audience to its feet." NSA has got all of America broken down into one recruitment territory or another. What you have here is Toyota in a temple. No protectionist legislation can keep it out.

It's 11 P.M. in Flushing, Queens. This, they let me know, is the third or fourth convert service tonight. More than one hundred people—all Caucasian or black—wait with 15 new chanters before a spiffy and expensive black/gold altar. *Nam Myo-ho Renge Kyo*. Well, take it or leave it, there is a lesson to be learned. All over America faiths that have been unashamedly positive about material success are bringing home the juice. Folk have enough insecurity, thank you. Even when tax-deductible, the Christian offer, "Go and sell that thou hast and give it to the poor," doesn't enliven much. This world is full of yearning and fear. People just don't intend to wait for deferred benefits in paradise. And don't bother telling them they're unworthy: they know that. Far be it from me to question the New Testament, but I worry about my faith, and when last did your church hold a human pyramid? □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

My Life in Pictures, by Malcolm Muggeridge (Morrow, 244 pp., $20.95)

NEWCOMERS to Malcolm Muggeridge's autobiographical enterprise would do well to start here, while those already familiar with it will not want to miss this book either. It consists of photographs of people and places taken over seven decades, as well as a prose commentary that summarizes the pilgrim's progress so wonderfully written up in the great two-

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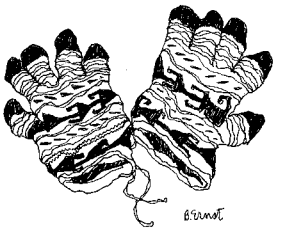
volume *Chronicles of Wasted Time*, now also available from Morrow in paperback. Those disappointed by the non-appearance of the third volume of the autobiography will be at least partly placated by the spirited text that Muggeridge has contributed to this book. His autobiographical writings contain some of the greatest and sanest writing in English in our time. After talking with his friend Hugh Kingsmill in May 1945 about the lives and ends of Mussolini and Hitler, Muggeridge wrote in his diary: "I felt a great desire to describe it all, to write contemporary history." In the autobiographical writings he has done this, with unique and unforgettable literary power. *My Life in Pictures* gives us many of the *dramatis personae* of our terrible century: Churchill, de Gaulle, Truman, MacArthur, Montgomery, Kim Philby, Nehru, Ben-Gurion, Solzhenitsyn. There are close-up views of relatives, friends, and acquaintances such as the Webbs, P. G. Wodehouse, Evelyn Waugh, Anthony Powell, Graham Greene, George Orwell, and Mother Teresa. But Muggeridge has never been a mere celebrity-hunter; he knew from early on that the world is, in Keats's words, "the vale of soul-making." The wit is a witness too, one who has written beautifully and for high stakes: to touch and move the souls of his readers. Among the most affecting of the photographs in this pictorial journey through our century are the last, simple ones taken of the Muggeridges in and around their home in the Sussex countryside. In them one feels the gratitude, peace, and Godliness expressed in *Paradiso* III by Dante's Piccarda:

Brother, our love has laid our wills
to rest,
Making us long only for what is ours,
And by no other thirst to be possessed.

M. D. AESCHLIMAN



GAZZANIGA

(Continued from page 30)

fronting the scholarly group, even a foreign group, was unthinkable. Today this attitude is changing, and young scientists are trying more than ever before to publish articles that confront current beliefs. But old habits die hard: when Japanese scientists do go against the conventional wisdom, the attacks are often so indirect that it is hard to tell what is being attacked. And even when they avoid obscurity, the Japanese never go in for the sort of frontal attacks that American scientists make.

When I was in Japan I had the pleasure of attending a conference of young medical scientists who are studying brain and behavior relationships. I had been following their work on and off for some years, and this meeting gave me an opportunity to see in depth how it had been evolving. At first it struck me as being like a Japanese chef's French cooking: excellent, but predictable. But I soon recognized that these young scientists, many of whom had spent time in the States, were powering beyond copy-cat research. They have begun to understand how science works, and they want in. They are eager to invite in foreign guests to whom they can show off their creations. They are slowly realizing that the whole idea behind science is to test and retest a hypothesis—and to hell with the person who generated the original idea. This method is so foreign to the traditional Japanese way of thinking that it has been slow to take hold. I think that at last it has.

At some point, the foreign visitor finds, after much intellectual discourse, that the mood changes. A couple of quarts of Scotch will turn thirty judicious scientists into fun-loving, riproaring drunks. And in that state they will sidle up to you and articulate their new concern: "We have to develop our own theories about the mind instead of borrowing ones from the West and testing them. And we have to get our work out into the West."

I couldn't agree more, and I tell you that as they proceed, we will all be the better for it. Underneath their metroself, the Japanese scientists' need for greater personal recognition is starting to bubble up. They want to see their work in the scholarly record of the West. My guess is that the West will grant them recognition long before their own culture does. One thing is sure: the group-think of the Japanese is changing, and with the change will come true innovations for world culture. □

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MID-HUDSON, WITTY, ATTRACTIVE practicing Catholic male, non-smoker, 32, 6'0", state employee, interested in corresponding with and courting eligible Catholic lady. Enjoys music, *NR*, Ireland. Photo preferred. NR Box 6022.

QUITE ATTRACTIVE, witty, wealthy, and well-bred gentleman, 28, enjoys *NR*, sailing, and lively conversation—wishes to meet ebullient, caring, cultured young lady of means. Photo and letter to NR Box 5098.

ADVENTURE is a state of mind for Midwest widow, late 50s, tall, slender, own career, academic milieu, peripatetic, liturgical tradition. Treasures insights gained through shared travel, Bach, reading (broad spectrum), theater, quiet walks and talks. NR Box 6002.

PROFESSOR, 34, healthy, handsome, Victorian; loves hiking, writing, philosophizing, travel; self-knowing rather than worldly-wise; seeks same in pretty, highly principled girl. Intentions honorable. NR Box 5088.

Miscellaneous

CRYONICS INFORMATION. Free. Immortalist Society, Dept. N2, 24041 Stratford, Oak Park, Mich. 48237.

YOUR HANDWRITING professionally analyzed. Free details. Graphic Portraits, 51 Chestnut Street, Suite 203-W, Ridgewood, N.J. 07450.

MATER DEI, monthly journal. Fast-growing orthodox publication. Explores doctrine, turmoil, heresies, solutions, holiness. Organizing Michigan faithful. Spiritual battle over children. *Mater Dei*, 9523 Pine Hill, Battle Creek, Mich. 49017. $6 per year.

SPIRITUAL RENEWAL in Appalachian retreat. Discussions of Fénelon, Law, and Wesley. Meditative walks in nature, and devotional periods. Married couples, $400. 5:00 P.M. Friday to 3:00 P.M. Sunday: April through October, 1989. NR Box 6017.

ONE-MINUTE BIBLE meditations, 24 hours a day. Church of One-at-a-Time. 313-258-5446.

CONSERVATIVE DISCUSSION GROUP—Philadelphia area. Like to read *NR* but have no one to discuss it with? A friendly fellowship (non-denominational) to expand our intellectual horizons. We discuss Augustine to Falwell, books to movies. Fourth Friday every month: 7:30 P.M. Call 215-576-7008.

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SENATOR HELMS IS LUCKILY IN THE WAY

NEW YORK, FEB. 5

It is fashionable to make fun of Senator Jesse Helms, and fashion rules with a heavy hand before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that is hearing the case for ratification of the INF treaty. Jesse Helms began being obstreperous to some of his colleagues when he looked up with that baby face, his glasses at the far end of his nose, and said, "We're not talkin' 'bout reducing nuclear weapons. There aren't any reductions in the treaty." Senator Helms was making the neat point on which George Bush had stumbled at Dartmouth a couple of weeks before: what is in prospect is the dismantlement of the SS-20s and the Pershings. The warheads will be stored somewhere or another. Our Side takes the position that the Soviets were prepared to destroy the warheads themselves but that in order to arrive at that agreement, it would be necessary to establish stricter verification procedures. And if we did that, Soviet scientists would have an inside look at our nuclear technology.

That's the kind of argument we simply have to accept at face value, those of us who do not know what refinements in nuclear technology we have developed over those the Soviet Union has developed. But the Helms-watchers see the Senator as engaged in a destructive mission. He is opposed to the treaty, and, it is said, he plans to try to defeat it by fair means or foul. For instance (his critics say) there is the question of exactly how many SS-20s the Soviet Union has. There is the official number (715), and—Senator Helms suggests—there is an unofficial number. (It is difficult to understand why the Soviets would need to secrete an SS-20. All they need to do is to remove two warheads from the existing model of an SS-20 and call it an SS-25, against which there is no provision in the treaty.) Senator Helms suggested that intelligence services knew of a secret horde of them. When such things are said his colleagues and the press look skyward in their misery. One reflects that most senators did so also in 1962, when Senator Kenneth Keating hectored his colleagues about the existence of secret missiles planted in Cuba by the Soviet Union.

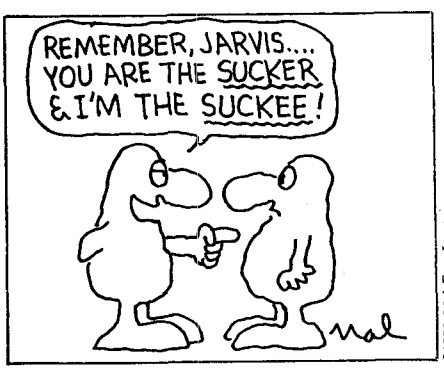
Senator Helms faces problems made up in part by the plight in which critics of the treaty find themselves. It is as simple as to ask oneself this: Imagine that the treaty were rejected in July—is it anywhere supposed that in August the deployment schedule for our intermediate-range missiles in Europe would proceed?

The INF agreement became a treaty, in effect, the day it was enunciated. What happened almost instantly was a restructuring of political loci in Europe. The Right became a little less resolute, the center moved critically to the left, and the Left hardened its general pacifist position. When Woodrow Wilson came back from Paris with the League of Nations agreement in his pocket, he could be defeated by a Senate that expressed a general isolationism. But Ronald Reagan is not dealing with the nature of U.S. participation in foreign undertakings. It is Europe that the INF is most directly about, and the Europeans are not about to permit the U.S. to tell them they cannot have what the majority desires: an apparent step toward the reduction of the nuclear threat.

Jeane Kirkpatrick has suggested the need for one amendment, namely, a declaration that the treaty would be null and void if the Soviet Union were detected violating it. (One wonders what treaties between us would be extant if the rule were applied retroactively.) But the Administration wants nothing that would require returning to the negotiating table.

Why? Because there is a passion out there to get on with the general disarmament project, as it is viewed. Scheduled next is START, which would impoverish our nuclear supply. That's okay provided there were no relative advantage won by the enemy. But existing blueprints call for a sharp reduction in our submarine nuclear fleet, which is uniquely invulnerable to first-strike capabilities. What, Mr. Helms is saying in effect, is the great hurry?

But he is treated like the preacher who goes on and on with an endless sermon while the bride and groom are standing there, hands touching, in ardent desire to consummate their marriage. Senator Helms is there saying: Let's cool it. He is performing a valuable service. □



UNTANGLING THE KENNEDY MESS

NEW YORK, FEB. 1

In 1975, the fear of monopoly opinion broke out into a fresh regulation. The Federal Communications Commission ruled that no one who owned a newspaper in an American city could proceed to buy a television station in that city. The idea was to protect young Ebenezer from being indoctrinated in a single point of view by the media lords.

It was an honest idea but not very thoughtful. To begin with, most television stations that touch on public affairs tend to be members of what Joe Sobran calls The Hive: i.e., they move together, parceling out the target areas, and munching away at the enemy contentedly. It is hard to think of any major conservative political figure or objective that escapes more or less uniform harassment. Moreover, most newspapers have got the habit of an Op-Ed page where you find the racy heresies of everyone who disagrees with Jack Kilpatrick, George Will, me, and the Ark of the Covenant.

But what was coming very soon, on top of it all, was the cable revolution. Where I live, you can pick up sixty channels, and although most of the cultural stuff that comes in is orthodox in its heterodoxy (when last, in a sitcom or movie or play, was adultery treated other than as good or bad strategy, never mind the moral point?), it can hardly be said that we were all being made to listen to Radio Gulag. But the regulation just sat around there and was enforced, as good and bad regulations tend to be.

Enter Rupert Murdoch, who bought a

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paper in New York City in 1976 and a paper in Boston in 1982. In 1986, he bought a television station in Boston and another in New York City. In doing so he ran into the ban against cross-ownership, and it was accepted that he would unload the two newspapers. Especially critical for him was the unloading of the *New York Post*, because the television station he had bought in New York was designated as the anchor station for his projected new network.

Murdoch is a man of tenacious turn of mind. Recently he reported that the *New York Post* lost $17 million last year. From this we can conclude two things, the first of them that anybody who wants to hang on to a paper losing that kind of money must have a very special, extrapecuniary interest in the asset. Owning your own daily in New York can be a lot of fun, and we must assume Mr. Murdoch is getting such fun out of his, as of course his over-half-a-million readers are obviously getting, because they buy it.

But it isn't easy to find someone else willing or able to lose $17 million for the fun of running a daily. Accordingly, the FCC kept extending its deadline, at which point,

ENTER TEDDY KENNEDY!

Senator Kennedy, who has a relaxed idea of legal rectitude, decided to tip-toe into the big congressional archive where they were building the huge annual $600-billion budget resolution, and slide into one of its crevices a directive forbidding the FCC to extend or to waive the deadline for Murdoch. The only motive conceivable for this concern for FCC regulations is that Murdoch's Boston paper, the *Boston Herald*, is a thorn in the side of Senator Kennedy.

When what Kennedy did came out, there was widespread resentment. But Teddy stuck to his guns and came up with the charge that Murdoch was manipulating the FCC, by pretending to find it hard to locate a buyer when that was not really the case. Asked how he could be convinced that Murdoch was making a sincere effort to get rid of the *Post*, Kennedy uttered a sentence which suggests that he had reconvened his Chappaquiddick braintrusters to coin it for him. "I think being able to detect and determine a good-faith purchase and the desire for a good-faith sale would be obvious on its face." What that means is that Kennedy hasn't the remotest idea what he's saying. It would have been different if, for instance, he said, "I happen to know that Warner Brothers has offered $40 million for the *Post*, and Murdoch has turned it down."

Conclusions: Murdoch's lawsuit should quickly be heard. A responsible court would strike out the Kennedy provision as a clear bill of attainder. The Constitution does not permit generic-sounding bills which are actually aimed at a single victim.

The FCC should then either appeal its anti-cross-ownership regulation as a vermiform appendix: or else it should reassert it, specify a deadline for Murdoch to sell either the paper or the TV station—and get on with the rule of law. □

PRESIDENTIAL WARMUP

NEW YORK, FEB. 3

TRUE THAT the presidential prelims are full of evasions, demagogy, and blather. But you do learn a little about the character of our candidates, so that it can be said that all is not lost in democratic epistemology.

Consider, for instance, Gary Hart's behavior last weekend when the Democratic candidates met to debate under the baton of John Chancellor. Chancellor is learned, cosmopolitan, fluent, and very bright, and in his introduction to Gary Hart he said jocularly that Hart's re-entry into the presidential race had raised the question, "Will you love me in December as you did in May?" That was a very nice grace note, and whaddayaknow, Hart reacted as though his virility had been questioned, which is the last question anyone is asking about Gary Hart. He ran down the litany of Hart Enterprises Inc. (world peace, world prosperity, interracial harmony, and growth) and then said, "I should say, Mr. Chancellor, that's more important in people's minds than the questionable taste of your introduction."

You walk away from that one wondering whether Mr. Hart has any sense of proportion. If he can be upset by Mr. Chancellor quoting a line from an old song, one wonders how a President Hart would react to the repetition of far more insistent lines by percussive Soviet instruments.

And then Bruce Babbitt of Arizona had a nice little temper flare when his credentials as a Democrat were challenged. What happened was that the subject was raised, How would the Democrats raise money to reduce the deficit and to give everybody a free telephone? and Babbitt said that the time may have come for a national consumption tax. Albert Gore pounced: A consumption tax, he said, is a Republican idea. The first consumption tax I know of, and my memory on the matter is finite, was imposed in Greece at about the time Socrates was drinking hemlock; but Babbitt chose to react as though his legitimacy was being questioned. He responded that "nobody questioned my credentials as a Democrat" when he was marching for civil rights in the South in the 1960s, which is a technique known to the rhetoricians as *ignoratio elenchi*: you accuse someone of being a wino and he responds that he never smoked a cigarette in his entire life.

During the weekend the candidates met a cross-section of American voters by radio and television, submitting to questions from five families. The launch wobbled just a little when it transpired that the first woman to ask a question didn't know what George Bush "does for a living." George Bush might have answered the question wryly, as Theodore Roosevelt once did when asked what on earth a Vice President did ("Nothing"); but one does not safely venture into Stevensonian wisecrackery in primary elections. Though a little wit is not entirely proscribed, and was nicely used by Senator Gore when he had to live through yet one more recitation about how Michael Dukakis had saved the economy of the State of Massachusetts, which he and his supporters like to call "the Dukakis miracle." This thaumaturgical designation was one too many for Al Gore, who said, "I went to divinity school and they have a tougher definition of the word 'miracle.'"

NOTHING LESS than a miracle could straighten out the problem of Gary Hart, who keeps running into the same old question, day after day. Over the weekend one questioner asked, "Why would the American people want to put their trust and faith in your ability and judgment?" to which Mr. Hart responded with a line no doubt practiced and repracticed before his staff: "That's why I tried my very best as a human being to live as good a life as I could. Not a life without error, but as good as I could." It's hard to put up a Christian block on that one, since we are all sinners, though not all of us strive to be President.

The most serious exchange that sifted through was the question asked of Senator Paul Simon. The questioner wanted to know if Simon would order an immediate retaliatory strike if Soviet missiles were detected approaching the United States.

Senator Simon did his best to avoid that one, and rattled on about de-escalation and disarmament and avoiding an arms race. But the questioner persisted: "You really didn't answer the question," he said.

"I understand," Simon replied, "and my answer is that no responsible candidate can answer 'What if?' military questions."

Mr. Simon is quite wrong. No responsible candidate can answer that he would decline to retaliate against Soviet nuclear aggression. Because any ambiguity on the point has the effect of unilateral nuclear disarmament, which leaves us wondering whether we can love Simon as much in January as we did in May. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Drummer who doesn't pay his bills?
154 24 126 155 140 10 111 48

B. Ethiopian province
40 121 26 77 97 16 57

C. This shot is good for you
7 134 86 150 53 99 1 110 130 72 36

D. What a high-flying pilot needs
114 33 104 78 3 47 158 85 19

E. Essence
44 22 108 74 63 95

F. Makeshift
103 118 37 81 131 28 61

G. Type of circle or cop
64 149 139 94 143 13 51

H. Greeting-card name
49 148 32 21 127 106 96 113

I. Peculiar habit
141 15 41 68 135 30 2 98 125 55 120 161

J. Baker's source of sweetness (2 words)
157 117 43 20 92 138 109 5 70

K. Driveway features
65 91 82 79 102 133

L. Romantic illumination
23 83 116 14 58 122 100 151 38

M. Surround
156 80 56 8 25 67 142 147

N. Cleaned the floor
60 160 73 128 105 34

O. The *Monitor* was one
88 52 144 17 27 75 152 107

P. Regular payments
119 87 45 71 136 132 6 29

Q. Mason's tool
18 39 69 137 124 112

R. Cleo's love
76 153 54 42 90 4

S. Card-game interloper
123 31 115 59 84 46 93 11

T. Farmer's concern
50 159 89 9 101 35 66

U. Flies gracefully
146 62 129 145 12

1 C	2 I	3 D	4 R		5 J	6 P	7 C	8 M	9 T	10 A	11 S	12 U		13 G	14 L		15 I	16 B	17 O
18 Q	19 D	20 J	21 H		22 E	23 L	24 A	25 M	26 B	27 O	28 F		29 P	30 I	31 S	32 H	33 D		34 N
35 T		36 C	37 F	38 L		39 Q	40 B	41 I	42 R	43 J	44 E	45 P	46 S	47 D		48 A	49 H	50 T	
51 G	52 O	53 C	54 R	55 I	56 M	57 B	58 L		59 S	60 N	61 F	62 U	63 E	64 G	65 K	66 T	67 M	68 I	
69 Q	70 J		71 P	72 C	73 N	74 E	75 O	76 R	77 B	78 D	79 K	80 M		81 F	82 K	83 L	84 S	85 D	86 C
87 P	88 O	89 T	90 R		91 K	92 J	93 S	94 G	95 E	96 H	97 B	98 I	99 C	100L		101T	102K	103F	104D
105N	106H	107O		108E	109J		110C	111A	112Q	113H		114D	115S	116L	117J	118F		119P	120I
121B	122L	123S	124Q		125I	126A	127H	128N	129U	130C	131F	132P	133K		134C		135I	136P	137Q
	138J	139G	140A	141I	142M		143G	144O	145U		146U	147M	148H	149G	150C	151L		152O	153R
154A		155A	156M	157J	158D	159T	160N	161I											

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 58 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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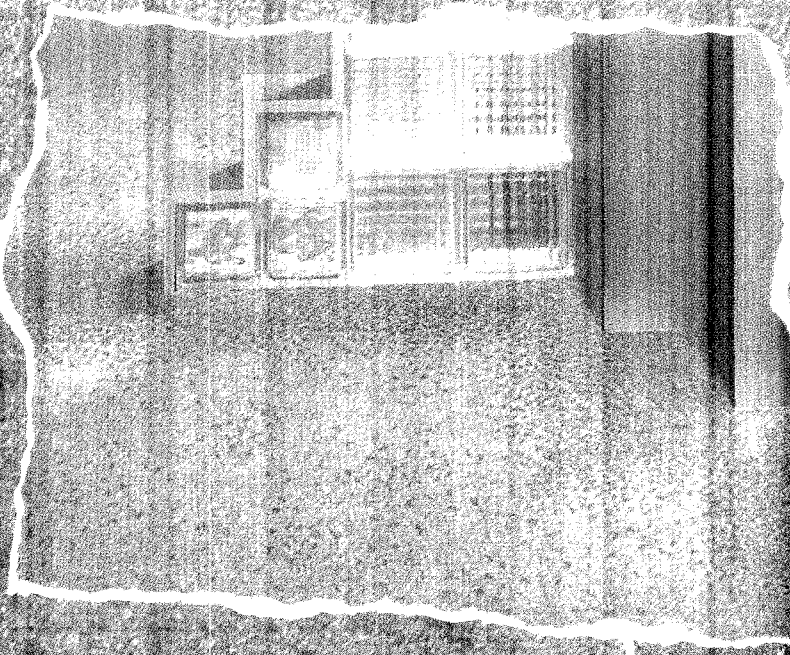
PREMIER VISION



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